

From Chambers' Papers for the People.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

It is now fully a century and a half since Lady Mary Wortley Montagu first flashed before the admiring eyes of her contemporaries, adorning with her beauty, and enlivening with her most rare wit, the very highest platform of English aristocratic society.

In looking back through this long vista of years, thronged though it be with many graceful forms of the good and the gifted, that social luminary seems to suffer no eclipse. We see her, in conjunction with all the notabilities of her day, almost worshipped in foreign countries, and the object of universal interest in her own. We hear her conversing sagaciously with statesmen and philosophers; or addressing a *bon mot*, sparkling as the glances of her bright eye, to some admiring poet or wit of her train; or we readily conjure up that peculiar smile, at once playful and recklessly mischievous, with which she is detailing, in one of her matchless letters, some new bit of scandal, or satire, or *double-entendre*, so racy, and sharp, and sparkling, that it must undoubtedly have too often dyed the cheeks of the alarmed yet amused correspondent. But whatever the circumstance, mood, attitude, or occupation, in it we are at once able to recognize her as she stands prominently out in the high relief of her singular individuality. And we are as little apt to confound her, in the intellectual beauty of her prime, with the Eastern houris of Constantinople, as we are with anybody else in the world, while we picture her in her old age and mysterious exile, expatiating, with the keen epicurean relish which never deserts her among her violets and nightingales, her bees and her silk-worms, her fifteen bowers, with different views, and dining-room of verdure; at the same time that she tells us she has not glanced into a looking-glass for eleven years, because the last look was not a pleasant one.

It will not, therefore, be matter of wonder, that much should have been both spoken and written about so remarkable a personage. Several notices of her life have been long before the world. In 1803 Dr. Dallaway published, from original documents, her correspondence, poems, and essays, prefaced by a memoir, in five volumes. In 1836, her great-grandson, the late Lord Wharnccliffe, republished the works in a much more complete form, in three large octavo volumes, still prefixing Dr. Dallaway's memoir, but with notes in explanation and correction, and supplying the interesting addition of an ample introduction in the form of biographical anecdotes, well known to be from the pen of Lady Louisa Stuart, the only surviving daughter of Lord and Lady Bute. This lady, though only five years old at the death of her celebrated grandmother, could remember having seen her; having had many conversations about her with Lady Bute; and having been shown by her part of a journal kept by Lady Mary throughout her whole life, but which delicacy towards people still alive, and probably a prudent regard for her

mother's reputation, induced the scrupulous Lady Bute to destroy before her death.

Lady Mary was too satirical and formidable a person not to have made many and bitter enemies among her contemporaries. It is to be feared, moreover, that there are passages in her life ill calculated to stand the test of a very severe scrutiny. Lord Wharnccliffe's work revived much discussion of her character by the periodical press of the day; and singularly candid and impartial as the biography was on all sides allowed to be, as a whole, some of the statements were controverted and cavilled at; while others were maliciously perverted, and held as admissions in corroboration of the most scandalous of the stories circulated against her.

Without pretending to fathom the depths of all the vexed questions involving the reputation of Lady Mary, it is the purpose of this paper to give, from the most authentic sources, as full a sketch of her life, writings, and character, as its limits will allow—drawing chiefly upon Lord Wharnccliffe's book, and the notices to which it gave rise, for the materials of the memoir—and being guided in our estimate of her character by the indications of it that appear in her own works, and the testimony of numerous contemporary writers—making due allowance always for the boldness and freedom which universally characterized the modes of expression in her day. No one who has been endowed by the Creator with large faculties, whether they have been used for evil or for good, will be found, when properly viewed, to have lived altogether in vain. His outward manifestation may only arrest the eye, as a beacon to deter; or it may sound gratefully on the ear like a friendly cheer from the gained shore, reviving the sinking heart of the still tossed mariner; but of such a one it may be confidently affirmed, that he has fulfilled his destiny in the ever-progressing development of the species. It cannot, then, be either an uninteresting or an unconstructive task for our readers to glance briefly with us over the life and conversation of one who played so important a part in the great world-drama of her own day; who, besides leaving behind her in her writings many monuments of her genius, has a strong claim on the gratitude of posterity for having saved the lives of thousands by the introduction into England of the Turkish method of modifying the dreadful scourge of smallpox—showing both moral and maternal courage in trying the experiment on her own son; of one, above all, who was so strong, and yet so weak; so flattered, and so reviled; so beloved, and so hated.

Lady Mary Pierrepont, eldest daughter of Evelyn, first Duke of Kingston, by the Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of William, Earl of Denbigh, was born at Thoresby in Nottinghamshire, in the year 1690. She had two sisters by the same parents, (for the duke had two more daughters by a second wife,) and an only brother, who died of smallpox during his father's lifetime, and whose son became the second and last Duke of Kingston. The elder of her two sisters, Lady Frances—to whom some of her best letters were addressed—

was married to John Erskine, Earl of Mar; and the other, Lady Evelyn, to John, Earl of Gower.

It is interesting to note that, both by father's and mother's side, Lady Mary came of an active and energetic race. The Fieldings, as well as the Pierreponts, were deeply engaged in the civil war, and apparently from individual convictions—two brothers among the latter, and a father and son among the former, having chosen different sides. Lady Mary, in one of her letters, boasts of her great-grandfather having earned by his sagacity and prudence the surname of *Wise William*; and Leigh Hunt tells us these were not the highest qualities to which she might have laid claim by inheritance. Genius and wit had also manifested themselves in the family before her day—George Villiers, the witty Duke of Buckingham, having been her great-uncle; and Beaumont, the dramatist, also her relation, his mother being a Pierrepont of the same stock.

Lady Mary, to her great misfortune, lost her mother at the early age of four years; and though she speaks highly of her grandmother, the Countess-Dowager of Denbigh and Desmond, as having had a superior understanding, and having retained it to an extraordinarily advanced age, that lady appears to have done but little towards supplying to her the important maternal duties. Indeed, the want of a certain delicacy of mind and feminine self-restraint, the usual results of careful training, caused in all probability much of the suffering which embittered her after-life.

Though Lady Kingston died so early, her husband continued a widower till all his children were grown up and married. Lady Mary gives us the character of both her parents in one sentence, when she says that Richardson, without knowing it, drew their portraits in Sir Thomas and Lady Grandison. But though probably too much a man of pleasure to disturb himself with any over-anxious concern for the best interests of his children, a little incident, which Lady Mary loved to recall, proves that she was, at least in her childhood, the object of Lord Kingston's pride and fondness. As the scene is at once characteristic of the times and of the *dramatis personæ*, we shall give it entire in Lady Louisa Stuart's lively words, on whom, as Lord Wharncliffe justly remarks, "a ray of Lady Mary's talent seems to have fallen:"—

As a leader of the fashionable world, and a strenuous whig in party, he (Lord Kingston) belonged to the Kit-cat Club. One day, at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a candidate, alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to select a beauty whom they had never seen. "Then you shall see her," cried he; and in the gayety of the moment sent orders to have her finely dressed, and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another; was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations—they amounted to ecstasy: never again throughout her whole future life did she pass so happy a day. Nor, indeed, could she; for the love of admiration, which this scene was

calculated to excite or increase, could never again be so fully gratified. There is always some alloying ingredient in the cup, some drawback upon the triumphs of grown people: her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste, by having her picture painted for the club-room, that she might be enrolled a regular toast.

True as it may be that the dawn of her genius opened auspiciously, there seems but little ground for Dr. Dallaway's assertion, that Lady Mary's father had bestowed on her the best classical education. If it had been so, she would hardly, in after years, while so earnestly recommending a learned education for women, have spoken of her own as "one of the worst in the world, being exactly the same as *Clarissa Harlowe's*." Quick and ambitious as she was, she may have picked up "small Latin and less Greek," by the side of her brother; but it could not be much, for Lady Bute expressly said that her mother understood little or no Greek; and we find Lady Mary herself writing to Mrs. Anne Wortley in 1709, when she must have been nineteen years old, that she was then trying whether it was possible to learn Latin without a master.

No doubt the good homespun governess of whom she often speaks would lay the necessary foundation, and a beautiful girl of good parts is sure of finding, as she grows up, plenty of instructors in what may be termed masculine knowledge. Lady Mary acknowledges her obligations to Bishop Burnet for "condescending to direct the studies of a girl;" and we find her corresponding with him on the subject of a translation she had made, under his eye, of the Latin version of Epictetus. But while she strengthened her mind by such exercises, she did not neglect to indulge and amuse it by the study of every work of fancy or fiction that came in her way. She delighted in the romances of the old French school, and possessed, and left behind her, the entire library of Mr. Lennox's Female Quixote "*Cassandra*," "*Alice*," &c.; on the blank leaf of a volume of which (the "*Astrea*") she had written out, in "her fairest youthful hand," the names and characteristic qualities of the chief personages, thus:—"The beautiful Diana, the volatile Climene, the melancholy Doris, Celadon the faithful, Adamas the wise;" and so on, to the extent of two long columns. Her earliest known poetic effusion, which is an epistle from Julia to Ovid, written at the age of twelve, is quite in accordance with these tastes; and, though not equal to some of Pope's at the same age, shows a remarkable power of harmonious versification.

At the age of fourteen, we find her lamenting, in a melodious couplet, that she has in vain sought truth either in town, court, or sanctuary; at fifteen, she is busy with the project of establishing a nunnery in England, of which she intends one day to be the lady abbess; and at twenty she translates the *Enchiridion*, and complains to her friend the bishop, in a sober and dignified strain, of the injustice and neglect shown to women, supporting her views by a Latin quotation from Erasmus.

But what probably aided more than any other advantage could have done in the development of Lady Mary's genius, was the secluded leisure of her life during these important early years. They were passed partly at Thoresby, partly at Acton near London; but at both places in a retirement unbroken except by a visit now and then from one of her few early companions, or when her father, Lord Dorchester, who appears not to have spent

much of his time with his family, chose, as he sometimes did, to entertain a large party of his friends at home. The *dolce far niente* permitted now-a-days to a lady at the head of her own table, is curiously enough contrasted in the picture Lady Louisa Stuart draws of the custom of our ancestors on such occasions :—

Lord Dorchester, having no wife to do the honors of his table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter as soon as she had bodily strength for the office, which in those days required no small share ; for the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is, urge and tease—her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn to be operated upon by her, and her alone, since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier : his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate, or sub-altern, or squire's younger brother—if suffered, through her neglect, to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then professed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically ; from one of whom Lady Mary said she took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect on her father's public days, when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand.

One of Lady Mary's early companions was the thoughtless but beautiful Dolly Walpole, Sir Robert's sister, whom she both liked and laughed at ; and another was the Lady Anne Vaughan, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, the only child of Lord Carberry—the last of a family noted for having given that eloquent divine, Jeremy Taylor, an asylum at Golden Grove. But her most intimate and most beloved friend was Miss or (as it was then the custom to call unmarried ladies) Mrs. Anne Wortley, the favorite sister of Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, whose father, one of the sons of the Earl of Sandwich, had prefixed the name of Wortley to Montagu—having married the heiress of the Wortley estate in Yorkshire.

We now approach the most important epoch of our heroine's life—her courtship and marriage ; and though love may be well said to be second only to death in its power of levelling, or bringing the whole world into kindred, it will be allowed that Lady Mary's individuality of mind and feeling, as developed in her love-letters, must certainly rescue her from the fate of being mixed up and confounded with the common mass of lovers. This Mr. Edward Wortley, the brother of her friend, who is described as a handsome, accomplished youth, of good sense, and much learning, the constant associate of Addison, Steele, Congreve, and other notable men of the time, happening to meet Lady Mary one day quite accidentally in his sister's apartments, was immediately captivated by her surpassing beauty, and, on conversing with her, was scarcely less charmed with her sense and brilliant wit. Finding, to his infinite surprise, that she understood his favorite classics, he a few days afterwards presented her with a superb edition of

"Quintus Curtius," which she had mentioned as not having read, accompanied by a copy of verses, which, though not strikingly good, were quite conclusive as to the impression her wit and beauty had made on his imagination. As may be supposed, Mrs. Anne Wortley was quite as ready to fan her brother's flame as to transcribe to her friend his glowing encomiums ; but she did not live long to be the medium through which the electric spark was to pass. A more direct communication, begun during her life, was secretly carried on after her death ; and, fortunately for us, Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary, after their marriage, agreed to put by or preserve, as mementos of their days of courtship, these singular love-letters, which give so much insight into the minds and dispositions of both.

It is at once apparent that her ladyship, though endowed with a lively imagination, was but little susceptible of tender emotions ; that, with all her elevation of mind and splendid talents, she was quite incapable of that strong, true womanly devotedness of heart, the crowning glory and virtue of which is far more potent than either talent or beauty in investing human life with its brightest charms ; and that Mr. Wortley was from the first suspicious of this defect in her nature. Though captivated by her beauty and liveliness, he seems by no means so blindly in love as to take everything for granted in her reception of his addresses. On the contrary, he hesitates, and prudently sets before her his doubts of her affection for him, as well as the danger to their mutual happiness from her love of distinction and the admiration of other men ; and her ladyship, though too honest to take credit for a degree of sensibility she neither possesses nor approves of, with much cleverness and power of reasoning endeavors thus to reassure him on the other points :—

* * * * I am surprised at one of the "Tattlers" you send me. Is it possible to have any sort of esteem for a person one believes capable of having such trifling inclinations ? Mr. Bickerstaff has very wrong notions of our sex. I can say there are some of us that despise charms of show, and all the pageantry of greatness, perhaps with more ease than any of the philosophers. In contemning the world, they seem to take pains to contemn it ; we despise it, without taking the pains to read lessons of morality to make us do it. At least I know I have always looked upon it with contempt, without being at the expense of one serious reflection to oblige me to it. I carry the matter yet further : was I to choose of 2000*l.* a year or 20,000*l.*, the first would be my choice. There is something of an unavoidable *embarras* in making what is called a great figure in the world ; it takes off from the happiness of life. I hate the noise and hurry inseparable from great estates or titles, and look upon both as blessings which ought only to be given to fools ; for 't is only to them that they are blessings. The pretty fellows you speak of, I own, entertain me sometimes ; but is it impossible to be diverted with what one despises ? I can laugh at a puppet-show, and at the same time know that there is nothing in it worth my attention or regard. General notions are generally wrong. Ignorance and folly are thought the best foundations for virtue, as if not knowing what a good wife is was necessary to make one so. I confess that can never be my way of reasoning : as I always forgive an *injury* when I think it not done out of malice, I can never think myself *obliged* by what is done without design. Give me leave to say it, (I know it sounds vain,) I know how to make a man of sense happy ; but then that man must resolve to contribute something towards it himself. I have so much esteem for

you, I should be very sorry to hear you was unhappy ; but, for the world, I would not be the instrument of making you so ; which (of the humours you are) is hardly to be avoided if I am your wife. You distrust me : I can neither be easy nor loved where I am distrusted. Nor do I believe your passion for me is what you pretend to ; at least I am sure, was I in love, I could not talk as you do.

In her next she hits still harder at his sentimental exactions :—

Your letter is to tell me you should think yourself undone if you married me ; but if I would be so tender as to confess I should break my heart if you did not, then you'd consider whether you would or no ; but yet you hoped you should n't. I take this to be the right interpretation of "even your kindness can't destroy me of a sudden. I hope I am not in your power. I would give a good deal to be satisfied," &c., &c.

It is plain that Mr. Wortley, though feeling himself no match for her in the encounter of wits, was not convinced by these lively banterings ; indeed, Lady Louisa tells us, "they were perpetually on the point of breaking altogether ; he felt and knew that they suited each other very ill ; he saw, or thought he saw, his rivals encouraged, if not preferred ; he was more affronted than satisfied with her assurances of a sober esteem and regard ; and yet every struggle to get free did but end where it set out—leaving him still a captive, galled by his chain, but unable to sever one link of it effectually." In other words, he was only a man of plain understanding, and she a brilliant wit : and as he was reasoning against his inclinations, and she on the side of hers, it is plain where the victory would lie. Such letters as the following could not have been easily answered by him except in one way :—

I will state the case to you as plainly as I can, and then ask yourself if you use me well. I have showed, in every action of my life, an esteem for you, that at least challenges a grateful regard ; I have trusted my reputation in your hands ; I have made no scruple of giving you, under my own hand, an assurance of my friendship. After all this, I exact nothing from you ; if you find it inconvenient for your affairs to take so small a fortune, I desire you to sacrifice nothing for me ; I pretend no tie upon your honor ; but, in recompense for so clear and so disinterested a proceeding, must I ever receive injuries or ill-usage ?

Perhaps I have been indiscreet ; I came young into the hurry of the world ; a great innocence and an undesigning gayety may possibly have been construed coquetry, and a desire of being followed, though never meant by me. I cannot answer for the observations that may be made on me. All who are malicious attack the careless and defenceless ; I own myself to be both. I know not anything I can say more to show my perfect desire of pleasing you and making you easy, than to proffer to be confined with you in what manner you please. Would any woman but me renounce all the world for one ? or would any man but you be insensible of such a proof of sincerity ?

One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad, as you fancy it. Should we ever live together you would be disappointed both ways ; you would find an easy equality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think, if you married me, I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next. Neither would happen ; I can esteem, I can be a friend ; but I don't know whether I can

love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me.

If you can resolve to live with a companion that will have all the deference due to your superiority of good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them. As to travelling, 't is what I should do with great pleasure, and could easily quit London upon your account ; but a retirement in the country is not so disagreeable to me, as I know a few months would make it tiresome to you. When people are tied for life, 't is their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want—a face is too slight a foundation for happiness—you would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects ; which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, that is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy ; and the more, because I know a love may be revived which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity, has extinguished ; but there is no returning from a *dégoût* given by satiety.

After many disputes and lovers' quarrels, Mr. Wortley was at last sufficiently convinced and reassured to resolve on making his proposals to Lord Dorchester, who received them graciously ; and all went on well till the momentous questions of portion and settlement came under consideration, when he suddenly broke off the match in a great indignation, the cause of which Lady Louisa thus explains :—"We see how the practice of a man's entailing his estate upon his eldest son while as yet an unborn child, an unknown being, is ridiculed in the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator,' whose authors, it may be observed, had not estates to entail. Mr. Wortley, who *had*, entertained the same opinions. Possibly they were originally his own, and promulgated by Addison and Steele at his suggestion ; for, as he always liked to think for himself, many of his notions were singular and speculative. However this might be, he upheld the system, and acted upon it, offering to make the best provision in his power for Lady Mary, but steadily refusing to settle his landed property upon a son who, for aught he knew, might prove unworthy to possess it—might be a spendthrift, an idiot, or a villain."

"Lord Dorchester, on the other hand, said that these philosophic theories were very fine, but his grandchildren should not run the risk of being left beggars ; and as he had to do with a person of no ordinary firmness, the treaty ended there. The secret correspondence and intercourse, however, went on as before ; and shortly Lady Mary acquainted her lover that she was peremptorily commanded to accept the offers of another suitor ready to close with all her father's terms ; to settle handsome pin-money, jointure, provision for heirs, and so forth ; and, moreover, concede the point most agreeable to herself—that of giving her a fixed establishment in London ; which, by the by, Mr. Wortley had protested against. Lord Dorchester seems to have asked no questions touching her inclination in either instance ; for a young lady in those days to interfere or claim a right of choice was almost thought, as it still is in France, a species of indelicacy. Lady Mary nevertheless declared, though timidly, her utter antipathy to the person proposed for her. Upon this, her father summoned her to his awful presence, and, after expressing surprise at her presumption in questioning

his judgment, assured her he would not give her a single sixpence if she married anybody else. She sought the usual resource of poor damsels in the like case—begging permission not to marry at all; but he answered that then she should be immediately sent to a remote place in the country, reside there during his life, and at his death have no portion save a moderate annuity. Relying upon the effect of these threats, he proceeded as if she had given her fullest and freest consent: settlements were drawn, wedding-clothes bought, the day was appointed, and everything made ready, when she left the house to marry Mr. Wortley!" Lady Mary tells all this better, though at greater length, in her letters to Mr. Wortley; and there is much more in this antenuptial correspondence illustrative of her masculine sense and strength of character, which we should gladly have quoted had our limits permitted. One more letter we shall give, which, though exhibiting her in a less favorable point of view, is remarkably characteristic of the mixture of prudent calculation and unwomanly boldness with which she misguided some parts of her future life. It is written on the eve of her elopement:—

Reflect now, for the last time, in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a night-gown and petticoat; and that is all you will get by me. I told a lady of my friends what I intend to do. You will think her a very good friend when I tell you she proffered to lend us her house. I did not accept of this till I had let you know it. If you think it more convenient to carry me to your lodging, make no scruple of it. Let it be where it will: if I am your wife, I shall think no place unfit for me where you are. I beg we may leave London next morning, wherever you intend to go. I should wish to go out of England, if it suits your affairs. You may endeavor to make your father admit of seeing me, and treat with mine (though I persist in thinking it will be to no purpose). But I cannot think of living in the midst of my relations and acquaintances after so unjustifiable a step—so unjustifiable to the world; but I think I can justify myself to myself.

You can show me no goodness I shall not be sensible of. However, think again, and resolve never to think of me if you have the least doubt, or that it is likely to make you uneasy in your fortune. I believe to travel is the most likely way to make a solitude agreeable, and not tiresome: remember you have promised it.

'Tis something odd for a woman that brings nothing to expect anything; but, after the way of my education, I dare not pretend to live but in some degree suitable to it. I had rather die than return to a dependency upon relations I have disobliged. Save me from that fear if you love me. If you cannot, or think I ought not to expect it, be sincere, and tell me so. 'Tis better I should not be yours at all, than, for a short happiness, involve myself in ages of misery. Do not imagine I shall be angry at anything you can tell me. Let it be sincere: do not impose on a woman that leaves all things for you.

Leigh Hunt mentions rather a curious account of Lady Mary's last unmarried days, given by Spence, who professes to have heard it from herself; and it seems so characteristic of her strange character, both in youth and middle age, that we cannot refrain from quoting it. Mr. Spence makes her acquaintance at Rome in 1740, and thus writes of her:—

She is one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet: she is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best natured,

cruellest women in the world—"all things by turns, and nothing long." She was married young, and she told me, with that freedom much travelling gives, that she was never in so great a hurry of thought as the month before she was married—she scarce slept any one night that month. You know she was one of the most celebrated beauties of her day, and had a vast number of offers, and the thing that kept her awake was who to fix upon. She was determined as to two points from the first—that is, to be married to somebody; and not to be married to the man her father advised her to have. The last night of the month she determined, and in the morning left the husband of her father's choice buying the wedding-ring, and scuttled away to be married to Mr. Wortley.

This very undignified account of an affair so important to her, though probably a little burlesqued, by her ladyship's desire to be witty, and to laugh, though at her own expense, seems not to be entirely without foundation from some of her expressions to Mr. Wortley at the time—such as, "I wanted courage to resist at first the will of my relations—I have examined my own heart, whether I can leave everything for you; I think I can. *If I change my mind*, you shall know before Sunday," &c.

There are no dates to any of these letters; but as their marriage, by special license, which took place a few days after the ceremony which she describes herself as *scuttling* away to, bears the date of August 12, 1713, and as the correspondence lasted two years, they must have been written between Lady Mary's twentieth and twenty-second years. Her letters are certainly remarkable productions for a woman at that or any other age—so cool and wise, that they at once strike us as coming from the head rather than the heart. Mr. Wortley, with his jealousies and vacillations, though often tiresome, and playing a very inferior part throughout the correspondence, has at least the merit of looking something like a lover. She tires of his sentimental doubts of her love, and reiterated wishes that he could "only know what was passing in her heart;" and asks him at last in a tone of pique, "Pray, which way would you see into my heart? You can frame no guesses about it from either my speaking or writing; and supposing I should attempt to show it to you, I know no other way." But if most of the love was on his side before marriage, it only makes the entire change which soon took place the more unaccountable. He was at that time a member of Parliament for the town of Huntingdon; and Lady Mary, for the next three years, resided sometimes there and sometimes in Yorkshire, where, in 1713, her only son Edward was born.

As if in full justification of the opinion with which she had all along been endeavoring to impress him of the substantial excellency and moderation of her own character and views, she seems to have been ready at once to settle down into the quiet, domestic, affectionate wife he had never been able to picture her; while he, taking advantage of his parliamentary duties, appears to have been almost constantly away from home, keeping her in the country while he was in town, and often seeing neither her nor his son for five or six months together. Her letters to him at this time are alternately affectionate and upbraiding. The following are specimens:—

Your absence increases my melancholy so much that I fright myself with imaginary horrors; there

wants but little of my being afraid of the small-pox for you ; so unreasonable are my fears, which, however, proceed from an unlimited love. If I lose you—I cannot bear that if—which I bless God is without probability ; but since the loss of my poor unhappy brother, I dread every evil. I have been to-day at Acton to see my poor brother's melancholy family. I cannot describe how much it has sunk my spirits.

'Tis the most cruel thing in the world to think one has reason to complain of what one loves. How can you be so careless !

I am concerned I have not heard from you. I am in abundance of pain about our dear child : though I am convinced it is both silly and wicked to set my heart too fondly on anything in this world, yet I cannot overcome myself so far as to think of parting with him with the resignation I ought to do. I hope and beg of God he may live to be a comfort to us both.

All this ought surely to have affected him ; but there is no amendment, for her next takes even a more remonstrative tone :—

I know very well that nobody was ever teased into a liking ; and 't is perhaps harder to revive a past one than to overcome an aversion ; but I cannot forbear any longer telling you I think you use me very unkindly. I don't say so much of your absence as I should do, if you was in the country and I in London—because I would not have you believe that I am impatient to be in town ; but I am very sensible I parted with you in July, and it is now the middle of November. As if this was not hardship enough, you do not tell me you are sorry for it. You write seldom, and with so much indifference, as shows you hardly think of me at all. I complain of ill health, and you only say you hope it is not so bad as I make it. You never inquire after your child. I would fain flatter myself you have more kindness for him and me than you express ; but I reflect with grief that a man that is ashamed of passions that are natural and reasonable, is generally proud of those that are shameful and silly.

In considering all these expressions of her affectionate regard for Mr. Wortley, which are evidently genuine, as well as her tender and natural anxiety about her son, and which our knowledge of his subsequent career makes only the more affecting, we cannot help asking ourselves, whether Lady Mary might not have turned out a very different person from the hard, soured, sarcastic woman of the world we find her in after years, if she had met with the respectful, loving treatment she had reason to look for at the hands of one who had so often assured her of his passionate regard, and who had proposed to himself the "highest satisfaction from her and from no other !" We think she might. We have already said she had little of that womanly tenderness of heart and devotedness of nature which, almost without any other possession, have power to make life a delight and a romance to the very humblest of her sex. But she had, what is scarcely second to these, at least for the respectable conduct of the outer life, the most exquisite good sense. And no one can read through her letters to Mr. Wortley before marriage without seeing, from a thousand expressions, that her ideal of life was shaped out of some of the best elements of our nature. Speaking of her sentiments towards him, "I rather chose," she says, "to use the word friendship than love ; because, in the general sense that word is spoke, it signifies a passion rather founded on fancy than reason." And then she explains—"By friendship I mean an entire communication of thoughts, wishes, interests, and pleasure ; a mutual esteem, which

naturally carries with it a pleasing sweetness of conversation, and terminates in the desire of making one another happy."

But with his ever-increasing alienation from her, these expressions on her part of fondness, or even of lively interest in his concerns, naturally diminish, and after a while change gradually into that peculiar tone of quiet, careful respect, with which she continues to write both of and to him to the end of his life. With all due deference to the high opinion Mr. Wortley's descendants seem to entertain of him, we suspect him to have been one of those men, by no means rare in the world, who, though attracted by genius or brilliant qualities, and ambitious of entering into such relations with them as are likely to reflect honor and glory on themselves, are too essentially selfish ever to be able to identify themselves with the most intimate objects of their love ; and having neither generosity enough to admire at their own expense, nor magnanimity to pardon in a companion, the very superiority which first attracted them, either live on in jealous uneasiness, or are glad to avoid being dwarfed in their own eyes, by keeping at a convenient distance. After a year or two of this unhappy manner of life, Mr. Wortley, on his friends coming into power at the death of Queen Anne, was appointed one of the lords of the treasury. He was then of course obliged to bring Lady Mary to court, where her wit and beauty soon attracted all eyes towards her. The king (George I.) is described as not allowing her to leave one of his parties without "complimentary remonstrances ;" and the Prince of Wales cries out to his princess, "in a rapture," to look "how becomingly Lady Mary was dressed." "Lady Mary always dresses well," answers the princess drily, and returns to her cards. At this time she was also the intimate associate of Addison, Steele, Congreve, Pope, and all the other noted men of letters of the day ; but was ready, on the first opportunity, to relinquish without regret the caresses of crowned heads, as well as the flatteries of wits and poets, for the long-desired pleasure of travelling and seeing new countries and peoples.

In the year 1716 the embassy to the Porte became vacant ; and as the war between the Turks and Imperialists was raging violently, the other powers of Europe were desirous of a mediation between them. Mr. Wortley, not having succeeded to his own satisfaction as a minister at home, had resigned his post, and was appointed ambassador to Constantinople, whither his wife accompanied him. They travelled through Holland, Germany, and Hungary, staying some time at Vienna, and presenting themselves at the various courts by the way in proper ambassador style. Lady Mary's beauty and tact secured them favor everywhere ; and her letters to her sister Lady Mar, Pope, and others, which begin at Rotterdam, give a vivid description of every novelty she saw. Cities and governments, men and women, and their modes and practices, seem always to have interested her lively fancy far more than the most striking or varied aspects of natural scenery ; and, as travellers who could describe well were very rare in those days, it may be supposed that such communications as hers were received at home with no ordinary degree of interest. She had, in return, constant letters from her noted associates in England ; and a very few words from Pope's first epistle to her, dated the 18th of August, 1716, only a fortnight after her departure, are quoted, to

show the style of his addresses to her, as well as to prepare the way for a discussion of what afterwards took place between them :—

You may easily imagine (he writes) how desirous I must be of a correspondence with a person who had taught me, long ago, that it was as possible to esteem at first-sight as to love, and who has since ruined me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible, through your means, that the company of men wants a certain softness to recommend it, and that of women wants everything else. How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquillity and indolence I had so long found in the country, when one evening of your conversation has spoiled me for a *solitaire* too! Books have lost their effect upon me; and I was convinced, since I saw you, that there is something more powerful than philosophy; and since I heard you, that there is one alone wiser than all the sages.

Nothing can be more like a kind woman and a lady than her ready answer to all these studied compliments :—

Perhaps you'll laugh at me, (she says,) for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you express for me. 'Tis certain that I may, if I please, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery, and it may be it would be taking them right. But I never in my life was half so well disposed to believe you in earnest; and that distance which makes the continuation of your friendship improbable, has very much increased my faith in it.

Pity that anything less polite and cordial should ever have passed between them!

After having, for some political reason, not explained in the letters or biography, returned from Vienna to Hanover, where George I. then was, they again retraced their steps; and owing to these marches and counter-marches, only arrived at Adrianople on the 1st of April, 1717, having been eight months on the road.

Lady Mary was enchanted with Turkey, as a paradise of the senses; and her letters from thence picture so vividly the luxurious life of that indolent and luxurious people, that we seem almost to feel the sunshine and smell the perfume. The portraiture is so exact, that Dr. Dallaway, who followed in the same route eighty years after her, is not only ready to vouch for the truth of every description, but insists on seeing, in her thorough understanding of Turkish taste and feeling, (although they told him to the contrary,) the long-supposed fact, finally disproved by the biographical anecdotes, of her having been admitted inside the harem.

In one of her first letters from Adrianople, she thus describes the process of inoculation as she found it :—

Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general among us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *engrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox. They make parties for this purpose; and when they are met, (commonly fifteen or sixteen together,) the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of smallpox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large

needle, (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch,) and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of the needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell, and in this manner opens four or five veins. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health till the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days—very seldom three. They have rarely above twenty or thirty on their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. When they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died of it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of the experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England, and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any of them that had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it.

We shall transcribe another letter from the Levant as a sort of *dulce* to this *utile*, and we give it not only for the charming subject, but as a specimen of the sparkling beauty of Lady Mary's best style. It describes her own visit to the young Sultana Fatima; which, as Leigh Hunt most happily says, "is as if all English beauty, in her shape, had gone to compare notes with all Turkish!"

I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twisted round their trunks shed a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. (What an artful heightening of the beauty, by the idea of profusion!) On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the Kiyaya's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin embroidered; and at her feet two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair Fatima, (for that was her name,) so much her beauty effaced everything I have seen; nay, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany. I must own that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court-breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honor. I confess, though the Greek lady before had given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admira-

tion that I could not for some time speak to her. That surprising harmony of features—that charming result of the whole—that exact proportion of body—that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art—the unutterable enchantment of her smile! But her eyes!—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue; every turn of her face discovering a new grace. She was dressed in a *caftan* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink; her waistcoat green and silver; her slippers white satin, finely embroidered; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds; and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver; her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. The greatest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and I think has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beautiful Fatima than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made a sign to them to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices; while the others danced by turns. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest japan china, with *soucoups* of silver gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me all this while in the most polite, agreeable manner, calling me often *Guzel Sultanum*, or the beautiful sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language. When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs. She begged I would wear the richest for her sake, and gave the others to my woman and interpreters.

There is scarcely anything, even in the far-famed "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," equal to this description in sensuous beauty; and most of her letters from Turkey breathe the same luxurious and poetic strain, at the same time that they are full of evidences of her reading and powers of satire.

I read over your Homer here, (she writes to Pope,) with an infinite pleasure, and found several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs, and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations that imagine themselves more polite. I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, who are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described.

Nor is she less at home in the matters of religion, government, and morals of the East. Indeed, these letters, which seem to be addressed to the public rather than to particular correspondents, give us a

far higher notion both of her genius and learning than anything else she ever wrote. Mr. Wortley's name is seldom mentioned in them, and never in the way either of praise or blame; so that we are apt to forget his existence. On their return, they sailed through the Archipelago, touching at the coast of Africa; and having crossed the Mediterranean to Genoa, reached home through Lyons and Paris about the end of the year 1718, having been almost two years on their travels.

Soon after their return Lady Mary set herself in good earnest to the task of introducing inoculation for small-pox. She had had good reason to dread the disease, having lost her only brother by it, as well as her own beautiful eyelashes. She always said that she meant the Flavia of one of her Town-Eclogues for herself, and had expressed in that poem her own sensations while slowly recovering, under the apprehension of being totally disfigured. With courageous love she began upon her own offspring, inoculating her daughter as soon as it was safe to do so; and having persevered, in spite of great opposition from the narrow jealousy of the faculty and the vulgar clamor of the ignorant, she lived to see the inoculation quite triumphant, and to feel that she had been the means of preserving life as well as beauty to thousands. Philanthropists of our own day, who are inclined to retire in disgust from the war at all times to be waged with more or less of ignorance and prejudice, would do well to compare the reception which such blessed discoveries as those of the beneficial application of sulphuric ether or chloroform have lately met with in the world, with that encountered very little more than a century ago by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in her attempt to introduce the practice of inoculation. The clamor raised against it, and of course against her, was beyond belief. Her descendant tells us, that "the clergy descanted from their pulpits on the impiety of thus seeking to take events out of the hand of Providence; and the common people were taught to hoot at her as an unnatural mother, who had risked the lives of her own children." Lady Mary herself records, that "the four great physicians deputed by government to watch the progress of her daughter's inoculation, betrayed not only such incredulity as to its success, but such an unwillingness to have it succeed—such an evident spirit of rancor and malignity—that she never cared to leave the child alone with them one second, lest it should in some secret way suffer from their interference." It is to be hoped her maternal anxiety may have somewhat overrated the danger; but she seems to have been quite enough troubled and tormented in the cause to make us pardon her the expression of some disgust, and an occasional regret that even the prospect of future good to the world should have induced her to incur so much present personal evil.

But Lady Mary's hours were not all occupied in fighting the inoculation battle at this time. Her company seems to have been more than ever prized by the highest circles in London on account of her foreign travels; and for some years after her return, she lived in the very whirl of the gayest and brightest society. She renewed her intimacy with the wits and poets, speculated in the South Sea scheme, wrote brilliant verses and letters, danced, laughed, satirized her acquaintances, and, in short, lived a life very much to her own taste—could it only have lasted! "For my own part," (as she writes to her sister Lady Mar, who had gone to live in Paris,

on account of some embarrassment of her affairs,) "I have some coteries where wit and pleasure reign, and I should not fail to amuse myself tolerably enough, but for the horrid quality of growing older and older every day, and my present joys are made imperfect by my fears for the future;" and again, in the highest good-humor, "The town improves daily; all people seem to make the best of the talent God has given them." Such sunshine was not, however, likely to be long unclouded; and accordingly we soon have such a sigh as this, dated Twickenham, 1721: "London was never more gay than it is at present; but I don't know how, I would fain be ten years younger. I love flattery so well, I would fain have some circumstances of probability added to it." But this was probably written on some morning when her eyes looked red, from having, as she says, "been such a beast as to sit up late last night;" for never was she so much courted and admired as during these years.

Mr. Pope had written many letters to her during the embassy, and soon after her return, had not only prevailed on her to sit to Sir Godfrey Kneller for a portrait, which was to embellish his villa at Twickenham, but had had the influence to persuade Mr. Wortley to purchase a house there, that they might be his neighbors during the summer months. His notes at this time breathe the warmest and most anxious friendship. Her will is his law; he sees her every day; "he knows not whether with more pleasure or more respect; submits to her in all things—nay, in the manner of all things; understands her as she would be understood, with a real respect and resignation when anything is denied, and a hearty gratitude when it is granted." Alas! that such dear delights should be so dangerous!

How long it was before these glowing expressions of admiration and friendship burst into a flame of passion, so violent as to consume all prudence and propriety on the poet's side, is not very clearly made out. Lady Mary seems pretty soon to have grown a little shy, for we find her, in 1720, writing to her sister Mar from his near neighborhood—"I see sometimes Mr. Congreve, and *very seldom* Mr. Pope, who continues to embellish his house. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking-glasses, and *they tell me* it has a very good effect." She transcribes at the same time a copy of verses addressed by Pope to Gay in her praise, adding, with some consciousness, "I stifled them here, and beg they may die the same death at Paris, and never go further than your closet."

The lines are very beautiful; and as they are conclusive as to the poor poet's passion, we shall give them here. Only the last eight lines are published in his works:—

Ah friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;
In vain fair Thames reflects the doubled scenes
Of hanging mountains and of sloping greens:
Joy lives not here; to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.

What are the gay parterre, the chequered shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard into the passing winds?
So the struck deer in some sequestered part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
There stretched unseen, in covert hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.

That some outbreak of his did occasion the quarrel between them, which was followed by so

much unmanly vituperation on his part, and unwomanly abuse and contempt on hers, is no longer a matter of doubt; it is so set forth in the introductory anecdotes; and truly the heart sickens at the recital; and it would be difficult, indeed, to decide on which of the two the greater share of censure ought to fall. "Her own statement was this—that at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romancers call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her, as, in spite of her utmost endeavors to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter; from which moment he became her implacable enemy." Oh, oh! If she had been till that moment ignorant of the change in his sentiments towards her, her emotion would certainly not have been one of hard-hearted levity; and if she did understand the state of his feelings, of which we have little doubt, far less tact than that possessed by her clever ladyship would have enabled her to put an end forever to his presumption before the possibility of a *declaration*. Pity she should have so completely forgotten her own smart triplet, written only a few years before—

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide—
In part she is to blame that has been tried;
He comes too near that comes to be denied.

That delightful poet, Mr. Leigh Hunt, in his notice of Lord Wharncliffe's *Life of Lady Mary*, has a passage on this subject which is at once so appropriate and so characteristic of his own humane and most genial nature, that our readers will thank us for transcribing it. Having given this statement, which he calls "a very tremendous one for all its levity," he says: "A pause comes upon the spirit and the tongue at hearing such an explanation as this—a pause in which no one of any imagination can help having a deep sense of the blackness of the mortification with which the poor, misshaped, applauded poet must have felt his lustre smitten, and his future recollections degraded. To say that he had any right to make love to her is one thing; yet to believe that her manners and cast of character, as well as the nature of the times and of the circles in which she moved, had given no license, no encouragement, no pardoning hope to the presumption, is impossible; and to trample in this way upon the whole miserable body of his vanity and humility, upon all which the consciousness of acceptability and glory among his fellow-creatures had given to sustain himself, and all which in so poor, and dwarfed, and degrading a shape required so much to be sustained—assuredly it was inexcusable—it was inhuman. At all events it would have been inexcusable, had anything in poor human nature been inexcusable, and had a thousand things not encouraged the flattered beauty to resent a hope so presumptuous from one unlike herself. But if she was astonished, as she professed to be, at his thus trespassing beyond barriers which she had continually suffered to be approached, she might have been more humane in her astonishment. A little pity might at least have divided the moment with contempt. It was not necessary to be quite so cruel with one so insignificant. She had address; could she not have had recourse to a little of it under circumstances which would have done it such special honor! She had every advantage on her side; could not even this induce her to put a little more heart and consideration into her repulse? Oh, Lady Mary! A duke's daughter wert thou, and a beauty, and a wit, and a very triumphant and flattered personage, and covered with glory as with

lute-string and diamonds; and yet false measure didst thou take of thy superiority, and didst not see how small thou becamest in the comparison, when thou didst thus trample under foot the poor little immortal!"

But if her inconsistent and harsh treatment of him is thus, by her own confession, made fully manifest, the littleness both of the man and his love are no less plainly and painfully apparent in the manner he afterwards allowed himself to write of her. The greatest of poets has told us, that

Love is not love that alters when it alteration finds;

and without putting such a love as that of our little immortal to so severe a test, we might surely expect a feeling which had slidden from a real admiration and respect into a strong though wrong passion, would have been one of the last likely to have found vent in bitter satire and personal slander and abuse; yet so it is. Alas! alas! that

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sing.

Lady Mary, however, holds on her gay course, without remorse, and in spite of the trampled writhings of her victim, though they were not without the power to sting. Her letters at this, the gayest period of her life, are full of high spirits, brilliant sallies, and bold, scandalous anecdotes—far more often amusing than either true or delicate. No consideration of prudence or propriety ever seems to stop the full flow of her lively wit; though no doubt she feels that her sister Mar knows both her world and herself, when she ventures on such a gay effusion as the following, which we give as a specimen of her most brilliant style:—

October 31, 1723.

I write you at this time piping hot from the birth-night, my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes, fine gentlemen, brisk times, and lively dances can raise there. It is to be hoped that my letter will entertain you; at least you will certainly have the freshest account of all passages on that glorious day. First, you must know that I led up the ball, which you'll stare at; but, what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there; to say truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days, to keep the court in countenance. I saw Mrs. Murray there, through whose hands this epistle will be conveyed. I do not know whether she will make the same complaint to you that I do. Mrs. West was with her, who is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time. I think those are Lord Haddington and Mr. Lindsay—the one for use, the other for show.

The world improves in one virtue to a violent degree—I mean plaindealing. Hypocrisy being, as the Scripture declares, a damnable sin, I hope our publicans and sinners will be saved by the open profession of the contrary virtue. I was told by a very good author, who is deep in the secret, that at this very minute there is a bill cooking up at a hunting-seat in Norfolk, (Houghton, Mr. afterwards Sir Robert Walpole's, then prime minister,) to have not taken out of the commandments, and clapped into the creed, the ensuing session of parliament. This bold attempt for the liberty of the subject is wholly projected by Mr. Walpole, who proposed it to the Secret Committee in his parlor. William Young seconded it, and answered for all his acquaintance voting right to a man; Doddington very gravely objected, that the obstinacy of human nature was such, that he feared, when they had positive commands to do so, perhaps people would not commit adultery, and bear false witness against their

neighbors, with the readiness and cheerfulness they do at present. This objection seemed to sink deep into the minds of the greatest politicians at the board; and I don't know whether the bill won't be dropped, though it is certain it might be carried on with great ease, the world being entirely *revenue de la bagatelle*; and honor, virtue, reputation, &c., which we used to hear of in our nursery, is as much laid aside and forgotten as crumpled ribbons. To speak plainly, I am very sorry for the forlorn state of matrimony, which is as much ridiculed by our young ladies as it used to be by young fellows; in short, both sexes have found the inconvenience of it, and the appellation of "rake" is as genteel in a woman as a man of quality; it is no scandal to say—"Miss —, the maid of honor, looks very well now she is up again; and poor Biddy Noel has never been quite well since her last confinement." You may imagine we married women look very silly; we have nothing to excuse ourselves, but that it was done a great while ago, or we were very young when we did it.

Occupied as she was with the pleasures of society at this mid-time of her life and zenith of her power, Lady Mary seems by no means to have been negligent as a mother. A fond or a very devoted and anxious mother she probably never was; it was scarcely in her nature to be so. But we have seen the deep interest she expressed in her son while yet an infant; and though he soon betrayed symptoms of the weakness and want of rectitude which afterwards caused his ruin, she was forbearing and reasonably indulgent, and most unwilling to abandon the hope of his improvement; while to Lady Bute, who appears always to have been safe-going and amiable, though certainly partaking more of her father's staid prudence than either her mother's brilliancy or her beauty, she seems then, as well as throughout her whole life, to have been attentive and affectionate. Interspersed with lively sallies expressive of her fears of growing old or ugly, or, above all, *wise*, are frequent allusions, in her letters to her sister, of her daughter's progress, and the pleasure she takes in her society. "With five thousand needles and pins running into my heart," she says, "I try to console myself with a small damsel, who is at present everything I like;" though she is quite aware she is far from being beautiful; for, after giving her sister an account of her scapegrace son's having run away, and being found at Oxford, she adds: "It happens very luckily that the sobriety and discretion are of my daughter's side; I am sorry the ugliness is so too, for my son grows extremely handsome."

In 1726 Lady Mary lost her father. The duke had, a few years before his death, married the Lady Belle Bentinck, daughter of the Duke of Portland, and one of the most admired beauties of London. Lady Mary thought she had married him with the hope of soon becoming a rich widow, and by no means regarded her with partiality. If she did, however, she had not long the expected benefit; for she only survived her husband two years. In the introductory anecdotes there is rather an interesting reminiscence of the duke by Lady Bute, which also gives a curious picture of bygone manners. "Lady Bute remembered having seen her grandfather once only, but that in a manner likely to leave some impression on the mind of a child. Her mother was dressing, and she playing about the room, when there entered an elderly stranger, (of dignified appearance, and still handsome,) with the authoritative air of a person entitled to admittance at all times; upon which, to her great surprise, Lady Mary instantly starting up

from the toilet-table, dishevelled as she was, fell on her knees to ask his blessing—a proof that even in the great and gay world this primitive custom was still universal.”

Her most intimate friends, after her quarrel with Pope, (through which she seems to have lost the friendship of Swift, Gay, and others,) were Lord Hervey, privy seal to George II., and his wife; the Countesses of Pomfret and Oxford; Lady Rich; Miss Shirret, afterwards Lady Walpole; and the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, of whom she was one of the few lasting favorites. In the same poem in which Pope so grossly stigmatizes Lady Mary, he speaks thus contemptuously of Lord Hervey's poetical genius:—

The lines are weak, another's pleased to say,
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

And when called to account in a copy of verses of which Lady Mary and Lord Hervey were jointly the authors, he meanly enough denies the infamous allusion to have been meant for her, and tries to silence them both by this equivocal compliment; “I had no misunderstanding,” he says, “with that lady till after I was the author of my own misfortune, in discontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be displeasing to either of you; I assure you my reason for so doing was merely that you had both too much wit for me, and that I could not do with mine many things which you could with yours.” It is more pleasing to find her corresponding with Dr. Edward Young about assisting Savage, the poet, in his difficulties—in which, it is said, she was most liberal; and also giving Dr. Young himself the benefit of her excellent judgment on his tragedy of “The Brothers.” Of Henry Fielding she was at all times a sincere friend and cordial admirer, though it is a little painful to remark the humble distance from which he addresses her. They were cousins, being descended in the same degree from George, Earl of Desmond; and it does not fail to strike us as a sign of the backward days in which they lived, that such distance was felt to be necessary between a duke's daughter and one of her own blood, who was her equal both in genius and attainments, although only “the poor son of the poor son of a younger brother.” However, he himself seems to have taken no offence at what hurts us. He dedicated to her his first comedy of “Love in Several Masks,” and addressed and counselled her on many subjects; while she often expressed in private her regard for him, pitied his misfortunes, excused his failings, and admired his best writings, particularly “Tom Jones,” in her own copy of which she wrote *ne plus ultra*. She was acquainted also with his beloved first wife, whose picture he drew in his “Amelia,” and said that the glowing language he had employed did no more than justice to the delightful qualities of the original; or to her beauty, although that had suffered from the accident related in the novel—a frightful overturn, which had a little injured the bridge of her nose.

Such, for many years, was the life of Lady Mary Wortley in the world of fashion and literature. Her daughter, who married the Earl of Bute, never seems to have given her a moment's uneasiness; but the continued misconduct of her son was a bitter source of distress both to her and to his father. He was a man of showy person and superficial accomplishments; and his various adventures, both at home and abroad, were much talked of in his

day, though, as his conduct was always weak and profligate, they must have sounded painfully on the ears of those who were most interested. His first exploit of running away from school was followed by a long succession of follies, until he finally completed his ruin by marrying, while under age, one who is described as a low-born, low-bred woman, for whom he could scarcely have felt more than a momentary liking, since he forsook her in a few weeks, and never sought to see her again, although her life lasted nearly as long as his own.

We have seen that in her early letters Lady Mary often indicated a desire to live abroad, particularly in Italy; and the history sets forth that, having been confirmed in her preference by what she saw of that country on her return from Constantinople, she, in 1739, being then in declining health, took the resolution of spending the remainder of her days there. She left London, therefore, in July, and going direct to Venice, remained in that interesting city for above a year, forming many connections with its noble inhabitants. She then made a short tour to Florence, for the purpose of meeting her friend, Lady Pomfret; and having visited Rome, returned to spend the winter at Avignon or Chambéry. She afterwards fixed her residence at Louvere, on the shores of the lake Iseo, in the Venetian territory, whither she had at first gone on account of the mineral waters, which she found beneficial to her health. At that primitive but beautiful place she took possession of a deserted palace, and was almost deified by the simple inhabitants of the town, whom she instructed in bread-baking, butter-making, and other domestic arts. There she planned her garden, occupied herself with the interests of a country life, and was happy in the superintendence of her vineyard and silkworms. For many years she lived in great retirement, content with books for her society, and occasionally going to visit the cities of Genoa and Padua, till about the year 1758, when she quitted her solitude, and settled entirely at Venice, where, in spite of continual quarrels with Mr. Murray, the political resident, she remained till the death of Mr. Wortley in 1761.

The cause of this separation from her family, and long absence from her own country and the society she seems so much to have enjoyed, has been one of the much-debated points in Lady Mary's history. Let us hear what her descendants say in explanation of it in the “Biographical Anecdotes:”—“Why Lady Mary Wortley left her own country, and spent the last two-and-twenty years of her life in a foreign land, is a question which has been repeatedly asked, and never can be answered with certainty, for want of any positive evidence on the subject. It is very possible, however, that the solution of this supposed mystery, like that of some riddles which put the ingenuity of guessers to the furthest stretch, would prove so simple as to leave curiosity blank and baffled. Lady Mary, writing from Venice, (as it appears, in the first year of her absence,) tells Lady Pomfret that she had long been persuading Mr. Wortley to go abroad, and at last, tired of delay, had set out alone, he promising to follow her, which, as yet, parliamentary attendance and other business had prevented his doing; but, till she knew whether to expect him or not, she could not proceed to meet her (Lady Pomfret) at Rome. If this was the real truth—and there seems no reason to doubt it—we may easily conceive further delays to have taken place; and their reunion to have been so deferred from time to time,

that, insensibly, living asunder became like the natural order of things, in which both acquiesced without any great reluctance. But if, on the contrary, it was only the color they chose to give the affair; if the husband and wife—she in her fiftieth year, he several years older—had determined upon a separation, nothing can be more likely than they settled it quietly and deliberately between themselves, neither proclaiming it to the world, nor consulting any third person; since their daughter was married, their son disinherited and alienated from them, and there existed nobody who had a right to call them to an account, or inquire into what was solely their own business. It admits of little doubt that their dispositions were unsuitable, and Mr. Wortley had sensibly felt it even while a lover. When at length convinced that in their case the approach of age would not have the harmonizing effect which it has sometimes been known to produce upon minds originally but ill-assorted, he was the very man to think within himself—"If we cannot add to each other's happiness, why should we do the reverse? Let us be the friends at a distance which we could not hope to remain by continuing uneasily yoked together!" And that Lady Mary's wishes had always pointed to a foreign residence, is clearly to be inferred from a letter she wrote to him before their marriage, when it was in debate where they should live while confined to a very narrow income. How infinitely better would it be, she urges, to fix their abode in Italy, amidst every source of enjoyment, every object that could interest the mind and amuse the fancy, than to vegetate—she does not use the word, but one may detect the thought—in an obscure country retirement at home!

These arguments, it is allowed, rest upon surmise and conjecture; but there is proof that Lady Mary's departure from England was not by any means hasty or sudden; for, in a letter to Lady Pomfret, dated the 2d of May, 1739, she announces her design of going abroad that summer; and she did not begin her journey till the end of July, three months afterwards. Other letters are extant, affording equal proof that Mr. Wortley and she parted upon the most friendly terms, and indeed as no couple could have done who had had any recent quarrel, or cause of quarrel. She wrote to him from Dartford, her first stage; again a few lines from Dover; and again the moment she arrived at Calais. Could this have passed, or would the petty details about servants, carriages, prices, &c., have been entered into between persons in a state of mutual displeasure? Not to mention that his preserving, docketing, and indorsing with his own hand even these slight notes, as well as all her subsequent letters, shows that he received nothing which came from her with indifference. His confidence in her was also very strongly testified by a transaction that took place when she had been abroad about two years. Believing that her influence and persuasions might still have some effect upon their unfortunate son, he entreated her to appoint a meeting with him, form a judgment of his present dispositions, and decide what course it would be best to take, either in furthering or opposing his future projects. On the head of money, too, she was to determine with how much he should be supplied, and very particularly enjoined to make him suppose it came, not from his father, but herself. These were full powers to delegate, such as every woman would not be trusted with in the families where conjugal union is supposed to reign most uninterruptedly.

All this is properly and delicately expressed in the circumstances, and we are not inclined to quarrel with it for looking a little like what it is—the

line of argument that would naturally occur to a counsel whose business it was to prove that certain parties were living in tolerable comfort together; at the same time that very, *very* suspicious marks of their disagreement were abundantly visible upon the faces of both. The opposite counsel would probably have drawn totally different conclusions even from the facts laid down. Viewing the matter from neutral ground, we are of the same opinion with the author of the "Biographical Anecdotes," in so far as regards the full and entire understanding there seems to have existed between Lady Mary and her husband. Hypocrisy towards each other was certainly not the vice of either; but that she left him with any hope of his ever rejoining her, or remained in her unnatural banishment on any other than compulsory grounds, we do not see the smallest reason to believe. No doubt she tells Lady Pomfret that he is to follow her in six weeks, but never in any of the cold notices she was sending him, at the same time, of her health and movements—and which have far more the air of wary bulletins written by stipulation, than the careless communications to have been looked for between a couple merely indifferent to each other—is there the remotest allusion made to his rejoining her, which there certainly must have been had he ever intended or she expected it; and though once, and once only, in the course of her whole correspondence with her daughter, she offers to come home if she can be of any use to Lady Bute's "father or her family," there are, on the other hand, so many and such bitter allusions to herself as an alien and an exile, that we cannot for a moment suppose that this unnatural banishment was self-imposed. No! it is evident that the time had come when the same country was no longer to hold both wife and husband. He can leave his parliamentary duties when either health or inclination may dictate the change; but it is to some part of the continent, distant enough from the spot she inhabits, to which he cautiously directs his steps; and never again till after his death—though *immediately* after—does she find herself at liberty to revisit the land which contains every individual in whom she takes an interest.

But, in considering Lady Mary's character as set forth in this extraordinary correspondence, the wonder is, rather that such a separation should have been so long delayed, than that it took place when it did; and the delay probably says more for Mr. Wortley's patience and his desire to avoid *éclat* and public scandal, than for his nice sense of what was due to him according to the common sense of mankind. Whether Lady Mary were really capable of becoming the true wife and affectionate friend she knew very well how to picture, seems at best a little doubtful; but when we add to her natural temperament and disposition the trying circumstances in which she was placed, we at once expect the reverse that we find. One such embarrassing circumstance as that set forth in the appendix to Lord Wharnccliffe's book (which our readers must take our word for) as having occurred to her in 1721, however glossed over by a reference to the money-speculations so prevalent in all classes at the time, or the liberty of conduct allowed in certain circles of society, must have given Mr. Wortley pretty sufficient grounds for seeking an early separation, had carelessness and the love of present ease and quiet not prevented him; and considering the manner of her life, and the license of tone she constantly allows herself in remarking upon other

people, it would be very extraordinary indeed if her conduct during all these years had not afforded him further opportunities. We cannot doubt that it did; and her quiet acquiescence in the separation, when perhaps, "without any recent quarrel or cause of quarrel," he was at last, by her *habitual* indiscretion of tongue and behavior, wearied out of his unmanly apathy, only shows her entire consciousness of the fact. The argument of his consulting her about their son, and allowing her to determine with how much money he should be supplied, goes no length against this view. She was the only person in the world equally interested with himself in the unfortunate young man; and he must have known enough of her shrewdness, as well as of her being no spendthrift, to be fully aware that on such a subject she was not only the natural, but the safest adviser he could have called to the support of his own economical views. Nor need we wonder to find her "entering into petty details about servants, carriages, prices," &c. Since the separation was not to be a legal one, and was evidently wished to be as little as possible the subject of public gossip, some show of correspondence was necessary to satisfy inquiry; and in a false position like that in which they stood to each other, what could be more embarrassing than to find proper topics, or more natural than to seize on whatever was most obvious or ordinary? As may be expected in the circumstances, she loses no opportunity of letting him know how much she is thought of and courted wherever she goes—that being no doubt the pleasantest way of proving to him how entirely irreproachable must be her conduct. "I am visited," she writes from Venice, "by the most considerable people of the town, and all the foreign ministers. They could not have shown me more honor if I had been an ambassador." And again—"Lord Fitzwilliam arrived here three days ago; he came to see me the next day, as all the English do, who are much surprised at the civilities and the familiarities with which I am received by the noble ladies; and I own I have a little vanity in it." And sometimes she is disposed to be complimentary to him as well as to herself—"It is impossible to be better treated—I may even say more courted—than I am here. I am very glad of your good fortune at London. You may remember I have always told you it was in your power to make the first figure in the House of Commons;" and, more than once, in writing to her daughter, she shows her sense of his forbearance and handsome conduct towards her, by speaking highly of his character for good sense, firmness, and generosity; while his answers to her letters, are characteristically curt and commonplace, treating chiefly of the weather and health, though showing the kind of interest in her movements necessary to enable him to talk safely of her. "I wish," he asks, "(if it be easy,) you would be exact and clear in your facts, because I shall lay by carefully what you write of your travels."

During this, Lady Mary's last residence abroad, she wrote a great many letters, by far the best and most interesting of which are those addressed to Lady Bute, and the worst to Sir James and Lady Stuart—recent and accidental acquaintances, to whom she writes in a flippant, empty, reckless manner, that is far from pleasing. To Lady Oxford, a formal, high-bred old lady, she adopts—perhaps unconsciously—a formal, lofty manner, full of grace and respectful professions of friendship; and to Lady Pomfret, who seems to have been

learned, and somewhat exacting, she is full of compliments and excuses—not always quite sincere—interspersed with bits of antiquarian information and literature. But with Lady Bute, she is always natural, and apparently open and confidential, expressing a real and motherly interest in her happiness and family concerns, and minutely describing her own manner of life, and her views, feelings, and opinions on every subject that occurs to her. When she has no longer a variety of interesting people to discuss, her vigorous and lively mind returns upon the past, or philosophizes on the present and future; and she sometimes rises to an elevation of thought and sentiment that would seem fully to entitle her to our love and approbation, if we could either believe in an entire change of nature, or had not learned, from painful experience, that people may often be capable of thinking, and even of feeling, finely and rightly, without a corresponding propriety of action. Lady Bute did not write in return so fully and frequently as was either satisfactory to her mother, or justifiable in the correct, dutiful daughter she is represented, and, in all other respects, seems really to have been. That she neither entirely comprehended her mother intellectually, nor showed a decent toleration and respect for the difference of interest and occupation inevitable between a mother and daughter so very differently situated, was evidently owing to limitation of mind rather than of affection; yet when we see the real pleasure and resource Lady Mary found in her solitude in the works of imagination sent to her from England—inferior as that species of literature might be in her day as compared with the present—we scarcely forgive the commonplace daughter the *wise* contempt which must have called forth the following lively and philosophical rebuke:—

Daughter! daughter! don't call names; you are always abusing my pleasures, which is what no mortal will bear. Trash, lumber, sad stuff, are the titles you give to my favorite amusement. If I call a white staff a stick of wood, a gold key gilded brass, and the ensigns of illustrious orders colored strings, this may be philosophically true, but would be very ill received. We have all our playthings; happy are those that can be contented with those they can obtain. Those hours are spent in the wisest manner that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences. I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people, than the Duchess of Marlborough, who passed the latter years of her life in paddling with her will, and contriving schemes of plaguing some, and extracting praises from others, to no purpose, eternally disappointed, and eternally fretting. The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my taste for reading. If I would confine it to valuable books, they are almost as rare as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavor to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is perhaps, at this very moment, riding on a piker with great delight, not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he could not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it, and am very glad that it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion. He fortifies his health with exercise; I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people; but if he improves his strength, and I forget my infirmities, we both attain very desirable ends.

It is impossible not to regret that one so alive to the charm there is, more or less, in all imaginative

literature, should not have enjoyed it in the excellence to which the art of novel and romance writing has reached in our own day. To think of her surprise and delight on opening one of the book parcels Lady Bute so abused and sent, if, instead of some of the well-meaning but flat productions of Charlotte Lennox, or, still worse, some flimsy frivolity of Sally Fielding's, she had lighted on the "Antiquary," or "Guy Mannering," how she would have wondered and exclaimed! and sat up all night, and, in total defiance of the organic laws, to which she in general paid such wholesome respect, would have devoured the entire three volumes in one long and delicious meal! With her fine sense and lively imagination, she must at once have set her seal to the truth of the Great Northern Wizard. At the same time we cannot deny having a little misgiving that she would have had the very questionable taste to call Alexander Dumas her favorite among our living authors. Yes, the gorgeous beauty and sensualism of the wicked Marguerite de Valois would too probably have dazzled her Epicurean fancy as much as the Sultana Fatima did her eyes. And these three dashing musketeers—to whom she would have given her choice appellation of "pretty fellows"—would, we fear, have been scarcely less attractive and delightful to her than to the princesses and other great ladies of their own orbit.

But we must hasten from such speculations to show our heroine once more, on her return to her native land from this long exile, which is indeed her final appearance on the stage of life; and first, in Lady Louisa Stuart's account:—

She survived her return home too short a time to afford much more matter for anecdotes. Those who could remember her arrival, spoke with delight of the clearness, vivacity, and raciness of her conversation, and the youthful vigor which seemed to animate her mind. She did not appear displeased at the general curiosity to see her, nor void of curiosity herself concerning the new things and people that her native country presented to her view after so long an absence; yet, had her life lasted half as many years as it did months, the probability is, that she would have gone abroad again; for her habits had become completely foreign in all those little circumstances, the sum of which must constitute the comfort or discomfort of every passing day. She was accustomed to foreign servants, and to the spaciousness of a foreign dwelling. Her description of the harpsichord-shaped house she inhabited in one of the streets bordering upon Hanover Square grew into a proverbial phrase; "I am most handsomely lodged," said she; "I have two very decent closets and a cupboard on each floor." This served to laugh at, but could not be a pleasant exchange for the Italian palazzo.

However, all earthly good and evil were very soon terminated by a fatal malady, the growth of which she had long concealed. The fatigues she underwent in her journey to England tended to exasperate its symptoms; it increased rapidly; and before ten months were over, she died in the seventy-third year of her age.

Horace Walpole, who was ever the bitter enemy of Lady Mary, probably because she had so often ridiculed and even scandalized his mother, and was, besides, the bosom friend of Miss Skerrit, his father's second wife, whom he detested, describes her in ridiculous terms as "masquerading in a domino" when he saw her in Italy, and wearing what he calls a "horseman's coat" on her return; insinuating, with his usual malice, that she must

have had private and improper reasons for her eccentric costumes. How cruel this appears, when we find that she had suffered long, and with silent fortitude, from the fatal disease of cancer in the breast, which probably rendered the wearing of a loose dress absolutely necessary! She died on the 21st of August, 1762.

Mr. Hunt gives the following account of her last days, as having been written by Mrs. Montagu, who married her husband's cousin, to a friend at Naples. It is published among Mrs. Montagu's collected letters:—

You have lately returned us from Italy a very extraordinary personage—Lady Mary Wortley. When nature is at the trouble of making a very singular person, time does right in respecting it. Medals are preserved when common coin is worn out; and as great geniuses are rather matters of curiosity than use, this lady seems to be reserved for a wonder to more than one generation. She does not look older than when she went abroad; has more than the vivacity of fifteen; and a memory which is perhaps unique. Several people visited her out of curiosity, which she did not like. I visit her because her husband and mine were cousins-german; and though she has not any foolish partiality for her husband and his relations, I was very graciously received, and, you may imagine, entertained by one who neither thinks, speaks, acts, nor dresses like anybody else. Her domestic establishment is made up of all nations; and when you get into her drawing-room, you imagine you are in the first story of the Tower of Babel. A Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman; the Frenchman to a Swiss; and the Swiss to a Poleander; so that, by the time you get to her ladyship's presence, you have changed your name five times without the expense of an act of parliament.

In a letter written after Lady Mary's death, the same writer says:—

Lady Mary W. Montagu returned to England, as it were, to finish where she had begun. I wish she had given us an account of the events that filled the space between. She had a terrible distemper—the most virulent cancer ever heard of—which soon carried her off. I met her at my Lady Bute's in June, and she then looked well; in three weeks after, at my return to London, I heard she was given over. The hemlock kept her drowsy and free from pain; and the physicians thought, if it had been given early, it might have saved her.

She left her son one guinea. He is too much of a sage to be concerned about money, I presume. When I first knew him, a rake and a beau, I did not imagine he would addict himself to rabbinical learning, and then travel all over the East, the great itinerant *savant* of the world. One has read that the great believers in the transmigration of souls suppose a man who has been rapacious and cunning does penance in the shape of a fox; another, cruel and bloody, enters the body of a wolf; but I believe my poor cousin, in his preëxistent state, having broken all moral laws, has been sentenced to suffer in all the various characters of human life. He has run through them all successfully enough. His dispute with Mr. Needham was communicated to me by a gentleman of the Museum, and I think he will gain no laurels there; but he speaks as decisively as if he had been bred at Pharaoh's court in all the learning of the Egyptians. He has certainly very uncommon parts; but too much of the rapidity of his mother's genius.

This gives rather a more favorable impression of young Wortley than is given either by his mother or her descendants. He seems to have been the most uncomfortable of sons—weak, flighty,

and false; and neither of his parents was at all blind to his demerits. He was constantly plaguing them for money; and as Mr. Wortley, senior, is said to have been immensely rich—leaving at his death £300,000—the annuity of £300 to which he chose to restrict his son was a most inadequate allowance; a mistake, if meant to guard him from the temptation of expensive pleasures; and a still graver error, if arising, which we suspect it chiefly did, from a desire not unfrequently manifested by both parents, either to hoard money, or to keep it for their own pleasures. The latter part of this extraordinary man's history is thus given by Lord Wharnccliffe:—"It was not until a conviction of his being irreclaimable was forced upon Mr. Wortley, that he adopted the severe measure of depriving him by his will of the succession to the family estate; but even this step was not taken without a sufficient provision being made for him; and, in the event of his having an heir legitimately born, the estate was to return to that heir, to the exclusion of his sister Lady Bute's children. This provision in Mr. Wortley's will he endeavored to take advantage of in a manner which is highly characteristic. Mr. Edward Wortley, early in life, was married in a way then not uncommon—namely, a Fleet marriage. With that wife he did not live long, and he had no issue. After his father's death, he lived several years in Egypt, and there is supposed to have professed the religion of Mohammed. In 1776 Mr. E. Wortley, then living at Venice—his wife being dead—through the agency, as is supposed, of his friend Romney the painter, caused an advertisement to be inserted in the 'Public Advertiser' of April 16 in that year, in the following words:—"A gentleman who has filled two successive seats in parliament, is nearly sixty years of age, lives in great splendor and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass away if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry a widow or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polite manners, and is five or six months gone in her pregnancy. Letters directed to — Brecknock, Esq., at Will's Coffee-House, will be honored with due attention, secrecy, and every mark of respect." 'It has always been believed in the family that this advertisement was successful, and that a woman having the qualifications required by it was actually sent to Paris to meet Mr. E. Wortley, who got as far as Lyons on his way thither. There, however, while eating a beccafigue for supper, a bone stuck in his throat, and occasioned his death, thus putting an end to this honest scheme."

Besides her letters, Lady Mary left many poems, a few trifling essays, and a short prose piece, entitled an "Account of the Court of George I. at his Accession;" which is written much in the manner of Horace Walpole's "Reminiscences"—gay, bold, and highly seasoned with scandalous gossip of the personal kind. Her poems have been well named *vers de société*, as they abound in lively images, and clever, irritating sarcasms on people and things around her; they had naturally very considerable popularity in her own day. But they are rhymed satire or rhymed wit, and that by no means of the most delicate sort, rather than real poetry, and have been already much longer forgotten than they were ever remembered. It is, therefore, on her letters that her fame as a writer entirely rests; but these will not soon be forgotten. Besides the charm of their mere style—so clear,

forcible, and easy, and yet so seldom inelegant; so perfectly natural and off-hand, that it sounds oftener like the fresh, unfettered, unconscious utterance of genius in conversation, than what is called composition even of the most familiar kind—they are full of clever insight, lively wit, and striking reflections. Unfortunately, many of them are also disfigured by a coarseness of expression and indelicacy of sentiment bordering on, or rather indeed altogether touching, the licentious; which no reference to the liberty permitted in a less refined age either reconciles us to, or will even induce us to pardon. Nothing but limitation of space prevents us from quoting largely from these inimitable productions.

We have already given specimens which seemed to illustrate her feelings and her life as it was passing. One or two more sentences we shall have room for, and they shall be of different kinds; the first is addressed to her husband in their early life, and may be called an exhortation to impudence—"I am glad you think of serving your friends; I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of money; everything we see and everything we hear puts us in remembrance of it. If it were possible to restore liberty to your country, or limit the encroachments of the prerogative, by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a prerogative with you: but as the world is, and will be, 'tis a sort of duty to be rich, that it may be in one's power to do good—riches being another word for power; towards the obtaining of which the first necessary qualification is impudence, and (as Demosthenes said of pronunciation in oratory) the second is impudence, and the third still impudence! No modest man ever did or ever will make his fortune. Your friend Lord Halifax, R. Walpole, and all other remarkable instances of quick advancement, have been remarkably impudent. The ministry is like a play at court; there's a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost; people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still thrust heartily forwards, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd, and is shoved about by everybody, his clothes torn, almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him that don't make so good a figure as himself. If this letter is impertinent, it is founded upon an opinion of your merit, which, if it is a mistake, I would not be undeceived; it is my interest to believe (as I do) that you deserve everything, and are capable of everything; but nobody else will believe it if they see you get nothing."

To her daughter she writes in this candid and reasonable tone of the relation between parent and child:—"I am so far persuaded of the goodness of your heart, I have often had a mind to write you a consolatory epistle on my death, which I believe will be some affliction, though my life is wholly useless to you. That part of it which we passed together you have reason to remember with gratitude, though I think you misplace it; you are no more obliged to me for bringing you into the world, than I am to you for coming into it, and I never made use of that commonplace (and, like most commonplace, false) argument as exacting any return of affection. There was a mutual necessity on us both to part at that time, and no obligation on either side. In the case of your infancy there was so great a mixture of instinct, I can scarce even put

that in the number of the proofs I have given you of my love ; but I confess I think it a great one if you compare my after conduct towards you with that of other mothers, who generally look on children as devoted to their pleasures, and bound by duty to have no sentiments but what they please to give them ; playthings at first, and afterwards the objects on which they may exercise their spleen, tyranny, or ill-humor. I have always thought of you in a different manner. Your happiness was my first wish, and the pursuit of all my actions, divested of all selfish interest so far. I think you ought, and believe you do, remember me as your real friend."

Only one more, on the philosophy of second childhood :—" Age, when it does not harden the heart and sour the temper, naturally returns to the milky disposition of infancy. Time has the same effect on the mind as on the face. The predominant passion, the strongest feature, becomes more conspicuous from the others retiring ; the various views of life are abandoned, from want of ability to preserve them, as the fine complexion is lost in wrinkles ; but as surely as a large nose grows longer, and a wide mouth wider, the tender child in your nursery will be a tender old woman, though perhaps reason may have restrained the appearance of it till the mind, relaxed, is no longer capable of concealing its weakness."

To these hundreds more might be added in proof of her wit, sagacity, and power of satirical reviling, as well as of the less laudable license in which, as we have just hinted, she too often indulged.

In taking leave of this remarkable woman, her whole character seems to rise up before us like one of Salvator's striking landscapes, full of power, and passion, and beauty ; there are the same bright gleams of sunshine, gorgeous valleys, and purple summits, on which the eye would fain linger in delight, but dare not ; for the lurid cloud is there, and the bowed trees are whispering that the hurricane is not far distant ; while masses of impenetrable shade are suggestive to the imagination of rocks already riven by the lightning, and dark and gloomy caves the abodes of doleful creatures.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE RIVER SACO.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

The Saco has its springs in New Hampshire, near the celebrated " Notch" of the White, or Agiochook Mountains, and reaches the Atlantic after a winding course through the state of Maine. It receives the waters of many lakes and streams, passes over numerous falls, and is throughout remarkable for its clearness and beauty.

FROM AGIOCHOOK'S granite steep
Fair Saco rolls in chainless pride,
Rejoicing as it laughs and leaps
Down the gray mountain's rugged side :
The stern rent crags and tall dark pines
Watch that young pilgrim flashing by,
While close above them frowns or shines
The black torn cloud, or deep blue sky.

Soon gathering strength, it swiftly takes
Through Bartlett's vales its tuneful way,
Or hides in Conway's fragrant brakes,
Retreating from the glare of day ;
Now, full of vigorous life, it springs
From the strong mountain's circling arms,
And roams, in wide and lucid rings,
Among green Fryburg's woods and farms.

Here, with low voice, it comes and calls
For tribute from some hermit lake,
And here it wildly foams and falls,
Bidding the forest echoes wake :
Now sweeping on, it runs its race
By mound and mill in playful glee ;
Now welcomes, with its pure embrace,
The vestal waves of Ossipee.

At last, with loud and solemn roar,
Spurning each rocky ledge and bar,
It sinks where, on the sounding shore,
The broad Atlantic heaves afar ;
There, on old Ocean's faithful breast,
Its wealth of waves it proudly flings,
And there its weary waters rest,
Clear as they left their crystal springs.

Sweet stream ! it were a fate divine,
Till this world's toils and tasks were done,
To go, like those bright floods of thine,
Refreshing all, enslaved by none ;
To pass through scenes of calm and strife,
Singing, like thee, with holy mirth,
And close in peace a varied life,
Unstained by one stain of Earth.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE GOOD OF IT.

A CYNIC'S SONG.

SOME men strut proudly 'midst honors and gold,
Hiding strange deeds 'neath the shadow of fame ;
I creep along, braving hunger and cold,
To keep my heart taintless as well as my name.
So—so—where is the good of it ?

SOME clothe bare Truth in fine garments of words,
Fetter her free limbs with purple and state ;
With me, let me sit at the lordliest boards ;
" I love," means *I love*, and " I hate" means *I hate*.
But—but—where is the good of it ?

SOME have rich dainties and costly attire,
Guests flattering round them, and duns at the door ;
I crouch by myself at my plain board and fire,
Enjoy what I pay for, and scorn to have more.
Yet—yet—where is the good of it ?

SOME gather round them a phalanx of " friends,"
Scattering professions like coins in a crowd ;
I keep my heart close for the few that Heaven sends,
Where they 'll find their names writ when I lie in
my shroud !
So—so—where is the good of it ?

SOME toy with love—lightly come, lightly go ;
A blithe game at hearts—little worth, little cost,
I staked my whole soul, hope, and peace, on one
throw,
A life 'gainst an hour's sport. We played, and I
lost !
Ha—ha !—where was the good of it ?

MORAL—ADDED ON HIS DEATHBED.

Turn the past's mirror backward ! Its shadows re-
moved,
The dim confused mass grows all softened, sublime !
I have worked—I have felt—I have lived—I have
loved,
And each was a step towards the mount I now
climb !
Thou, God—Thou saw'st the good of it !

From Fraser's Magazine.

SCENES AT MALMAISON.

THE Palace of Malmaison, though not built on a large scale, became, with the additions afterwards made, a most princely residence. The hall, the billiard-room, the reception-rooms, the saloon, dining-room, and Napoleon's private apartment, occupied the ground floor, and are described as having been very delightful. The gallery was appropriated to the noblest specimens of the fine arts; it was adorned with magnificent statuary by Canova and other celebrated artists, and the walls were hung with the finest paintings. The pleasure-grounds, which were Josephine's especial care, were laid out with admirable taste; shrubs and flowers, of the rarest and finest growth and the most delicious odors, were there in the richest profusion. But there is an interest far deeper than the finest landscape, or the most exquisite embellishments of art, could ever impart—an interest touchingly associated with the precincts where the gifted and renowned have moved, and with the passions and affections, the joys and sorrows, by which they were there agitated. It is, indeed, an interest which excites a mournful sympathy, and may awaken salutary reflection. Who, indeed, could visit Malmaison without experiencing such?

The vicissitudes experienced by some individuals have been so strange, that, had they been described in a romance, it would have lost all interest from their improbability; but occurring in real life, they excite a feeling of personal concern which forever attaches to the name with which they are associated. Of this, the eventful life of Napoleon furnishes a striking example. There cannot be found in the range of history one who appears to have identified himself so much with the feelings of every class and every time; nay, his manners and appearance are so thoroughly impressed on every imagination, that there are few who do not rather feel as if he were one whom they had seen, and with whom they had conversed, than of whom they had only heard and read. Scarcely less chequered than his was the life of Josephine; from her early days she was destined to experience the most unlooked-for reverses of fortune; her very introduction to the Beauharnais family and connexion with them were brought about in a most unlikely and singular manner, without the least intention on her part, and it ultimately led to her being placed on the throne of France. The noble and wealthy family of Beauharnais had great possessions in the West Indies, which fell to two brothers, the representatives of that distinguished family; many of its members had been eminent for their services in the navy, and in various departments. The heirs to the estates had retired from the royal marine service with the title of *chefs d'escadre*. The elder brother, the Marquis de Beauharnais, was a widower, with two sons; the younger, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, had married Mademoiselle Mouchard, by whom he had one son and two daughters. The brothers, warmly attached to each other from infancy, wished to draw still closer the bonds which united them, by the marriage of the marquises' sons with the daughters of the vicomte; and, with this view, a rich plantation in St. Domingo had never been divided. The two sisters were looked on as the affianced brides of their cousins; and, when grown up, the elder was married to the elder son of the marquises, who, according to the prevalent

custom of his country, assumed the title of marquis, as his brother did that of vicomte. M. Renaudin, a particular friend of the Beauharnais, undertook the management of their West Indian property. The marquis, wishing to show some attention in return for this kindness, invited Madame Renaudin over to Paris, to spend some time. The invitation was gladly accepted; and Madame Renaudin made herself useful to her host by superintending his domestic concerns. But she soon formed plans for the advancement of her own family. With the marquises' permission she wrote to Martinique, to her brother, M. Tacher de la Pagerie, to beg that he would send over one of his daughters. The young lady landed at Rochefort, was taken ill, and died almost immediately. Notwithstanding this unhappy event, Madame did not relinquish the project which she had formed, of bringing about a union between the young vicomte and a niece of her own. She sent for another;—and Josephine was sent. When the young creole arrived, she had just attained her fifteenth year, and was eminently attractive; her elegant form and personal charms were enhanced by the most winning grace, modesty, and sweetness of disposition. Such fascinations could not have failed in making an impression on the young man with whom she was domesticated. His opportunities of becoming acquainted with his cousin were only such as were afforded by an occasional interview at the grating of the convent, where she was being educated; so no attachment had been formed; and he fell passionately in love with the innocent and lovely Josephine. She was not long insensible to the devotion of a lover so handsome and agreeable as the young vicomte. Madame Renaudin sought the good offices of an intimate friend, to whose influence with the young man's father she trusted for the success of her project. In a confidential interview the lady introduced the subject—spoke of the ardent attachment of the young people, of the charms of the simple girl who had won his son's heart, and urged the consideration of the young man's happiness on his father, assuring him it rested on his consent to his marriage with Josephine. The marquis was painfully excited; he loved his son tenderly, and would have made any sacrifice to ensure his happiness; but his affection for his brother, and the repugnance which he felt to fail in his engagement to him, kept him in a state of the most perplexing uneasiness. At length, stating to his brother how matters stood, he found that he had mortally offended him; so deeply, indeed, did he resent the affront, that he declared he could never forget or forgive it—a promise too faithfully kept.

The affection and confidence of a whole life were thus snapped asunder in a moment. The vicomte insisted on a division of the West Indian property; and, with feelings so bitterly excited, no amicable arrangement could take place, and the brothers had recourse to law, in which they were involved for the rest of their days.

The marriage of the young people took place, and the youthful Mademoiselle Tacher de Pagerie became Vicomtesse de Beauharnais.

It is said that her husband's uncle took a cruel revenge for the disappointment, of which she had been the cause, by awakening suspicion of the fidelity of Josephine in the mind of her husband. The distracting doubts he raised made his nephew wretched; to such a degree was his jealousy excited, that he endeavored, by legal proceedings,

to procure a divorce; but the evidence he adduced utterly failed, and after some time, a reconciliation took place.

The uncle died, and his daughter had in the mean time married the Marquis de Baral. So all went well with the young couple. They met with the most flattering reception at court. The vicomte, who was allowed to be the most elegant dancer of the day, was frequently honored by being the partner of the queen. And as to Josephine, she was the admired of all admirers; she was not only considered one of the most beautiful women at court, but all who conversed with her were captivated by her grace and sweetness. She entered into the gayeties of Versailles with the animation natural to her time of life and disposition.

But the sunshine of the royal circle was, ere long, clouded, and the gathering storm could be too well discerned; amusement was scarcely thought of. The States General assembled, and everything denoted a revolutionary movement.

Josephine was an especial favorite with the queen; and in those days, dark with coming events, she had the most confidential conversations with her; all the fears and melancholy forebodings which caused the queen such deep anxiety, were freely imparted to her friend. Little did Josephine think, while sympathizing with her royal mistress, that she would herself rule in that court, and that she, too, would be a sufferer from the elevation of her situation. Her husband, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, was then called to join the army, as war had been unexpectedly declared. He distinguished himself so much, that he attained the rank of general. But in the midst of his successful career, he saw the danger which was impending, and he could perceive that not only were the days of Louis' power numbered, but he even feared that his life was not safe. His fears were unhappily fulfilled; and he himself, merely on account of belonging to the aristocracy, was denounced by his own troops, and deprived of his commission by authority, arrested, brought to Paris, and thrown into prison. It was during his imprisonment that the vicomte had the most affecting proofs of the attachment of Josephine; all the energies of her mind and of her strong affection were bent on obtaining his liberty; no means she could devise were left untried; she joined her own supplications to the solicitations of friends, to whom she had appealed in her emergency; she endeavored, in the most touching manner, to console and cheer him. But the gratification of soothing him by her presence and endearments was soon denied, for she was seized, and taken as a prisoner to the convent of the Carmelites. A few weeks passed, and the unfortunate vicomte was brought to trial, and condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal. Though natural tears fell at thoughts of parting from his wife and children, and leaving them unprotected in the world, his courage never forsook him to the last.

When the account of his execution reached Josephine she fainted away, and was for a long time alarmingly ill. It was while in prison, and every moment expecting to be summoned before the revolutionary tribunal, that Josephine cut off her beautiful tresses, as the only gift which she had to leave her children, for all the family estates in Europe had been seized, and the destruction of property at St. Domingo had cut off all supplies from that quarter. Yet, amidst her anxieties, her afflictions, and her dangers, her fortitude never

forsook her, and her example and her efforts to calm them, to a degree supported the spirits of her fellow-prisoners. Josephine herself ascribed her firmness to her implicit trust in the prediction of an old negress, which she had treasured in her memory from childhood. Her trust, indeed, in the inexplicable mysteries of divination was sufficiently proved by the interest with which she is said to have frequently applied herself during her sad hours of imprisonment to learn her fortune from a pack of cards. Mr. Alison mentions, that he had heard of the prophecy of the negress in 1801, long before Napoleon's elevation to the throne. Josephine herself, Mr. Alison goes on to say, narrated this extraordinary passage in her life in the following terms:—

"One morning the jailer entered the chamber where I slept with the Duchesse d'Aiguillon and two other ladies, and told me he was going to take my mattress, and give it to another prisoner.

" 'Why,' said Madame Aiguillon, eagerly, 'will not Madame de Beauharnais obtain a better one?'

" 'No, no,' replied he, with a fiendish smile, 'she will have no need of one, for she is about to be led to the Conciergerie, and then to the guillotine.'

"At these words, my companions in misfortune uttered piercing shrieks. I consoled them as well as I could; and at length, worn out with their eternal lamentations, I told them that their grief was utterly unreasonable; that I not only should not die, but live to be Queen of France.

" 'Why, then, do you not name your maids of honor?' said Madame Aiguillon, irritated at such expressions, at such a moment.

" 'Very true,' said I, 'I did not think of that. Well, my dear, I make you one of them.'

"Upon this the tears of the ladies fell apace, for they never doubted I was mad; but the truth was, I was not gifted with any extraordinary courage, but internally persuaded of the truth of the oracle.

"Madame d'Aiguillon soon after became unwell, and I drew her towards the window, which I opened, to admit through the bars a little fresh air. I then perceived a poor woman who knew us, and who was making a number of signs, which I could not at first understand. She constantly held up her gown (*robe*); and seeing that she had some object in view, I called out *robe*; to which she answered *yes*. She then lifted up a stone, and put it into her lap, which she lifted a second time. I called out *pierre*. Upon this, she evinced the greatest joy at perceiving that her signs were understood. Joining then the stone to her robe, she eagerly imitated the motion of cutting off the head, and immediately began to dance and evince the most extravagant joy.

"This singular pantomime awakened in our minds a vague hope that possibly Robespierre might be no more.

"At this moment, while we were vacillating between hope and fear, we heard a great noise in the corridor, and the terrible voice of our jailer, who said to his dog, giving him at the same time a kick, 'Get in, you cursed Robespierre.'

This speech told them they were saved.

Through the influence of Barras, a portion of

* Josephine might afterwards have fulfilled this promise, had not Madame d'Aiguillon been a divorced wife, which excluded her from holding any situation about the empress.

her husband's property, in which Malmaison was included, was restored to Josephine. In this favorite abode she amused herself in exercising her taste in the embellishments of the grounds and in the pursuit of botany; but her chief enjoyment was in the society and instruction of her children, to whom she was passionately attached. Their amiable dispositions and their talents were a source of the most exquisite pleasure to her, not, however, unmingled with regret at finding herself without the means of conferring on them the advantages of which they were so deserving. However, a better time was to come. Madame Tallien and several of Josephine's friends, after a time, prevailed on her to enter into society, and the fair associates became the principal ornaments of the dictatorial circle. Through their influence revolutionary manners were reformed, and all the power which their charms and their talents gave them was exerted in the cause of humanity.

Napoleon's acquaintance with Josephine arose from the impression made on him by her son Eugene Beauharnais, then a little boy. He came to request that his father's sword, which had been delivered up, might be restored to him. The boy's appearance—the earnestness with which he urged his request, and the tears which could not be stayed when he beheld the sword, interested Napoleon so much in his favor, that not only was the sword given to him, but he determined to become acquainted with the mother of the boy. He visited her, and soon his visits became frequent. He delighted to hear the details which she gave of the court of Louis.

"Come," he would say, as he sat by her side of an evening, "now let us talk of the old court—let us make a tour to Versailles." It was in these frequent and familiar interviews that the fascinations of Josephine won the heart of Napoleon. "She is," said he, "grace personified—everything she does is with a grace and delicacy peculiar to herself."

The admiration and love of such a man could not fail to make an impression on a woman like Josephine. It has been said that it was impossible to be in Napoleon's company without being struck by his personal appearance; not so much by the exquisite symmetry of his features, and the noble head and forehead, which have furnished the painter and the sculptor with one of their finest models; nor even by the meditative look, so indicative of intellectual power; but the magic charm was the varying expression of countenance, which changed with every passing thought, and glowed with every feeling. His smile, it is said, always inspired confidence. "It is difficult, if not impossible," so the Duchess of Abrantes writes, "to describe the charm of his countenance when he smiled;—his soul was upon his lips and in his eyes." The magic power of that expression at a later period is well known. The Emperor of Russia experienced it when he said, "I never loved any one more than that man." He possessed, too, that greatest of all charms, an harmonious voice, whose tones, like his countenance, changing from emphatic impressiveness to caressing softness, found their way to every heart. It may not have been those personal and mental gifts alone which won Josephine's heart; the ready sympathy with which Napoleon entered into her feelings may have been the greatest charm to an affectionate nature like hers.

It was in the course of one of those confidential evenings that, as they sat together, she read to him

the last letter which she had received from her husband: it was a most touching farewell. Napoleon was deeply affected; and it has been said that the letter, and Josephine's emotion as she read it, had a powerful effect upon his feelings, already so much excited by admiration.

Josephine soon consented to give her hand to the young soldier of fortune, who had no power but his sword. On his part, he gave a pledge that he would consider her children as his own, and that their interests should be his first concern. The world can testify how he redeemed his pledge! To his union with Josephine he declared he was indebted for his chief happiness. Her affection, and the interchange of thought with her, were prized beyond all the greatness to which he attained. Many of the little incidents of their every-day life cannot be read without deep interest—evincing, as they do, a depth of affection and tenderness of feeling which it is difficult to conceive should ever have been sacrificed to ambition. They visited together the prison where Josephine had passed so many dreary and sad hours. He saw the loved name traced on the dank wall, by the hand which was now his own. She had told him of a ring, which she had fondly prized; it had been the gift of her mother. She pointed out to him the flag under which she had contrived to hide it. When it was taken from its hiding-place and put into her hand, her delight enchanted Napoleon. Seldom have two persons met whose feelings and whose tastes appeared more perfectly in unison than theirs, during the *happy* days of their wedded life. The delight which they took in the fine arts was a source of constant pleasure; and in their days of power and elevation, it was their care to encourage artists of talent. Many interesting anecdotes are related of their kind and generous acts towards them. In Josephine's manner of conferring favors, there was always something still more gratifying than the advantage bestowed—something that implied that she entered into the feelings of those whom she wished to serve. She had observed that M. Turpin, an artist who went frequently to Malmaison, had no conveyance but an almost worn-out cabriolet, drawn by a sorry horse. One day, when about to take his leave, he was surprised to see a nice new vehicle and handsome horse drawn up. His own arms, painted on the panels, and stamped on the harness, at once told him they were intended for him; but this was not the only occasion on which Josephine ministered to the straitened means of the painter. She employed him in making a sketch of a Swiss view, while sitting with her, and directed him to take it home, and bring the picture to her when finished. She was delighted with the beautiful landscape which he produced, and showed it with pleasure to every visitor who came in. The artist, no doubt, felt a natural gratification at finding his fine work appreciated. Josephine then called him aside, and put the stipulated price in bank-notes into his hand.

"This," said she, "is for your excellent mother; but it may not be to her taste; so tell her that I shall not be offended at her changing this trifling token of my friendship, and of the gratification which her son's painting has given me, for whatever might be more acceptable."

As she spoke, she put into his hand a diamond of the value of six thousand francs.

Josephine attended Napoleon in many of his campaigns. When she was not with him, he corresponded regularly with her, and no lover ever wrote letters more expressive of passionate attachment.

"By what art is it," he says, in one of them, "that you have been able to captivate all my faculties? It is a magic, my sweet love, which will finish only with my life. To live for Josephine is the history of my life. I am trying to reach you. I am dying to be with you. What lands, what countries separate us! What a time before you read these lines!"

Josephine returned her husband's fondness with her whole heart. Utterly regardless of privation and fatigue, she was ever earnest in urging him to allow her to accompany him on all his long journeys; and often, at midnight, when just setting out on some expedition, he has found her in readiness.

"No, love," he would say, "no, no, love, do not ask me; the fatigue would be too much for you."

"Oh, no," she would answer; "no, no."

"But I have not a moment to spare."

"See, I am quite ready;" and she would drive off, seated by Napoleon's side.

From having mingled in scenes of gayety from her earliest days, and from the pleasure which her presence was sure to diffuse, and perhaps, it may be added, from a nature singularly guileless, that could see no evil in what appeared to her but as innocent indulgences, she was led into expenses and frivolous gratifications which were by no means essential for a mind like hers. Dishonest tradesmen took advantage of her inexperience and extreme easiness, and swelled their bill to an enormous amount; but her greatest, and far most congenial outlay, was in the relief of the distressed. She could not endure to deny the petition of any whom she believed to be suffering from want; and this tenderness of heart was often imposed on by the artful and rapacious. Those who, from interested motives, desired to separate her from Napoleon, felt a secret satisfaction in the uneasiness which her large expenditure occasionally gave him. To their misrepresentations may be ascribed the violent bursts of jealousy by which he was at times agitated; but he was ever ready to perceive that there was no foundation to justify them. It was during one of their separations, that the insinuations of those about Napoleon excited his jealousy to such a degree, that he wrote a hasty letter to Josephine, accusing her of *coquetry*, and of evidently preferring the society of men to those of her own sex.

"The ladies," she says, in her reply, "are filled with fear and lamentations for those who serve under you; the gentlemen eagerly compliment me on your success, and speak of you in a manner that delights me. My aunt and those about me can tell you, ungrateful as you are, whether *I have been coquetting with anybody*. These are your words, and they would be hateful to me, were I not certain that you see already they are unjust, and are sorry for having written them."

Napoleon's brothers strove to alienate his affections from Josephine; but the intense agony which he suffered when suspicion was awakened, must have proved to them how deep these affections were. Perhaps no trait in Josephine's character exalts it more than her conduct towards the family who had endeavored to injure her in the most tender point. She often was the means of making peace between Napoleon and different members of his family with whom he was displeased. Even after the separation which they had been instrumental in effecting, she still exerted that influence which she never lost, to reconcile differences which arose between them. Napoleon could never long mistrust her generous and tender feelings, and the intimate knowledge of

such a disposition every day increased his love; she was not only the object of his fondest affection, but he believed her to be, in some mysterious manner, connected with his destiny; a belief which chimed in with the popular superstition by which she was regarded as his good genius—a superstition which took still deeper hold of the public mind when days of disaster came, whose date commenced in no long time after the separation. The apparently accidental circumstance by which Josephine had escaped the explosion of the infernal machine was construed by many as a direct interposition of Providence in favor of *Napoleon's Guardian Angel*.

It was just as she was stepping into her carriage, which was to follow closely that of the First Consul to the theatre, that General Rapp, who had always before appeared utterly unobservant of ladies' dress, remarked to Josephine, that the pattern of the shawl did not match her dress. She returned to the house, and ran up to her apartment to change it for another; the delay did not occupy more than three minutes, but they sufficed to save her life. Napoleon's carriage just cleared the explosion; had Josephine been close behind, nothing could have saved her. In the happy days of love and confidence, Malmaison was the scene of great enjoyment; the hand of taste could be discerned in all its embellishments. Napoleon preferred it to any other residence. When he arrived there from the Luxembourg or the Tuileries, he was wild with delight, like a school-boy let loose from school—everything enchanted him, but most of all, perhaps, the chimes of the village church bells. It may have been partly owing to the associations which they awakened. He would stop in his rambles if he heard them, lest his foot-fall should drown the sound—he would remain as if entranced, in a kind of ecstasy, till they ceased. "Ah! how they remind me of the first years I spent at Brienne!"

Napoleon added considerably to the domain of Malmaison by purchasing the noble woods of Butard, which joined it. He was in a perfect ecstasy with the improvement; and, in a few days after the purchase was completed, proposed that they should all make a party to see it. Josephine put on her shawl, and, accompanied by her friends, set out. Napoleon, in a state of enchantment, rode on before; but he would then gallop back, and take Josephine's hand. He was compared to a child who, in the eagerness of delight, flies back to his mother to impart his joy.

Nothing could be more agreeable than the society at Malmaison. Napoleon disliked ceremony, and wished all his guests to be perfectly at their ease. All his evenings were spent in Josephine's society, in which he delighted. Both possessed the rare gift of conversational powers. General information and exquisite taste were rendered doubly attractive by the winning manners and sweet voice of Josephine. As for Napoleon, he appeared to have an intuitive knowledge on all subjects. He was like an inspired person when seen amidst men of every age, and all professions. All thronged round the pale, studious-looking young man—feeling that "he was more fitted to give than to receive lessons." Argument with him almost invariably ended by his opponent going over to his side. His tact was such that he knew how to select the subject for discussion on which the person with whom he conversed was best informed; and thus, from his earliest days, he increased his store of information, and gave infinite pleasure by the interest which he

took in the pursuits of those whom chance threw in his way. The delightful flow of his spirits showed how much he enjoyed the social evenings. He amused his guests in a thousand ways. If he sat down to cards, he diverted them by pretending to cheat, which he might have done with impunity, as he never took his winnings. He sometimes entertained them with tales composed on the moment. When they were of ghosts and apparitions, he took care to tell them by a dim light, and to prepare them by some solemn and striking observation. Private theatricals sometimes made the entertainment of the evening. Different members of Napoleon's family, and several of the guests, performed. The plays are described as having been acted to an audience of two or three hundred, and going off with great effect—every one, indeed, endeavored to acquit themselves to the best of their ability, for they knew they had a severe critic in Napoleon.

The amiable and engaging manners of Napoleon and Josephine gave to Malmaison its greatest charm. The ready sympathy of Josephine with all who were in sorrow, or any kind of distress, endeared her to every one. If any among her domestics were ill, she was sure to visit the sick bed, and soothe the sufferer by her tenderness. Indeed, her sympathy was often known to bring relief when other means had failed. She was deeply affected by the calamity of M. Decrest. He had lost his only son suddenly by a fatal accident. The young man had been on the eve of marriage, and all his family were busy in making preparations for the joyful occasion, when news of his death was brought. The poor father remained in a state of nearly complete stupor from the moment of the melancholy intelligence. All attempts to rouse him were unavailing. When Josephine was made acquainted with his alarming state, she lost not a moment in hurrying to him; and leading his little daughter by the hand, and taking his infant in her arms, she threw herself, with his two remaining children, at his feet. The afflicted man burst into tears, and nature found a salutary relief, which saved his life. In such acts Josephine was continually engaged. Nothing could withdraw her mind from the claims of the unfortunate. Her tender respect for the feelings of others was never laid aside; and with those who strove to please her she was always pleased. On one occasion, when the ladies about her could not restrain their laughter at the discordant music made by an itinerant musician, who had requested permission to play before her, she preserved a becoming gravity, and encouraged, and thanked, and rewarded the poor man. "He did his best to gratify us," she said, when he was gone: "I think it was my duty not only to avoid hurting his feelings, but to thank and reward him for the trouble which he took to give pleasure."

Such were the lessons which she impressed upon her children. She often talked with them of the privations of other days, and charged them never to forget those days amidst the smiles of fortune which they now enjoyed.

Josephine saw with great uneasiness the probable elevation of the first consul to the throne. She felt that it would bring danger to him, and ruin to herself; for she had discernment enough to anticipate that she would be sacrificed to the ambition of those who wished to establish an hereditary right to the throne of the empire. Every step of his advancing power caused her deep anxiety. "The real enemies of Bonaparte," she said to Raderer, as Alison tells, "the real enemies of Bonaparte are

those who put into his head ideas of hereditary succession, dynasty, divorce, and marriage. I do not approve the projects of Napoleon," she added. "I have often told him so. He hears me with attention; but I can plainly see that I make no impression. The flatterers who surround him soon obliterate all I have said." She strove to restrain his desire of conquest, by urging on him continually a far greater object—that of rendering France happy by encouraging her industry and protecting her agriculture. In a long letter, in which she earnestly expostulates with him on the subject, she turns to herself in affecting terms: "Will not the throne," she says, "inspire you with the wish to contract new alliances? Will you not seek to support your power by new family connexions? Alas! whatever these connexions may be, will they compensate for those which were first knit by corresponding fitness, and which affection promised to perpetuate?" So far, indeed, from feeling elated by her own elevation to the throne, she regretted it with deep melancholy. "The assumption of the throne" she looked on as "an act that must ever be an ineffaceable blot upon Napoleon's name." It has been asserted by her friends that she never recovered her spirits after. The pomp and ceremonies, too, attendant on the imperial state, must have been distasteful to one who loved the retirement of home, and hated every kind of restraint and ostentation.

From the time that Napoleon became emperor he lavished the greatest honors on the children of Josephine. Her daughter Hortense received the hand of Louis Bonaparte, and the crown of Holland. Eugene, his first acquaintance of the family and especial favorite, obtained the rank of colonel, and was adopted as one of the imperial family; and the son of Hortense and Louis was adopted as heir to the throne of France. The coronation took place at Notre Dame, with all the show and pomp of which the French are so fond. When the papal benediction was pronounced, Napoleon placed the crown on his head with his own hands. He then turned to Josephine, who knelt before him, and there was an affectionate playfulness in the manner in which he took pains to arrange it, as he placed the crown upon her head. It seemed at that moment as if he forgot the presence of all but her. After putting on the crown, he raised it, and placing it more lightly on, regarded her the while with looks of fond admiration. On the morning of the coronation, Napoleon had sent for Raguideau the notary, who little thought that he had been summoned into the august presence to be reminded of what had passed on the occasion of their last meeting, and of which he had no idea the emperor was in possession. While Napoleon had been paying his addresses to Josephine, they walked arm-in-arm to the notary's, for neither of them could boast of a carriage. "You are a great fool," replied the notary to Josephine, who had just communicated her intention of marrying the young officer—"you are a great fool, and you will live to repent it. You are about to marry a man who has nothing but his cloak and his sword." Napoleon, who was waiting in the ante-chamber, overheard these words, but never spoke of them to any one. "Now," said Napoleon, with a smile, addressing the old man, who had been ushered into his presence—"now, what say you, Raguideau—have I nothing but my cloak and sword?" The empress and the notary both stood amazed at this first intimation that the warning had been overheard.

The following year, the magnificent coronation at Milan took place, surpassing, if possible, in grandeur that at Paris. Amidst the gorgeousness of that spectacle, however, there were few by whom it was not forgotten in the far deeper interest which the principal actors in the scene inspired. Amidst the blaze of beauty and of jewels, and the strains of music, by which he was surrounded, what were the feelings of Napoleon, as he held within his grasp the iron crown of Charlemagne, which had reposed in the treasury of Monza for a thousand years, and for which he had so ardently longed! Even at that moment when he placed it on his own head, were the aspirings of the ambitious spirit satisfied?—or were not his thoughts taking a wider range of conquest than he had yet achieved? And for her, who knelt at his feet, about to receive the highest honor that mortal hands can confer—did the pomp and circumstance of that scene, and the glory of the crown, satisfy her loving heart? Ah, surely no! It was away in the sweet retirement of Malmaison—amidst the scenes hallowed by Napoleon's early affection. And how few years were to elapse ere the crown just placed on the head of Josephine was to be transferred to another!—when the place which she—the loving and beloved—occupied by her husband's side was to be filled by another! Though doubts had arisen in her mind—though she knew the influence of those who feared the sceptre might pass into the hands of another dynasty—still, the hope never forsook her, that affection would triumph over ambition, till Napoleon himself communicated the cruel determination. With what abandonment of self she was wont to cast her whole dependence on Napoleon, may be seen in a letter addressed to Pope Pius VII. In it she says: "My first sentiment—one to which all others are subservient—is a conviction of my own weakness and incapacity. Of myself I am but little; or, to speak more correctly, my only value is derived from the extraordinary man to whom I am united. This inward conviction, which occasionally humbles my pride, eventually affords me some encouragement, when I calmly reflect. I whisper to myself, that the arm under which the whole earth is made to tremble, may well support my weakness."

Hortense's promising child was dead; Napoleon and Josephine had shed bitter tears together over the early grave of their little favorite; and there was now not even a nominal heir to the throne. The machinations of the designing were in active motion. Lucien introduced the subject, and said to Josephine that it was absolutely necessary for the satisfaction of the nation that Napoleon should have a son, and asked whether she would pass off an illegitimate one as her own. This proposal she refused with the utmost indignation, preferring any alternative to one so disgraceful.

On Napoleon's return from the battle of Wagram, Josephine hastened to welcome him. After the first warm greetings and tender embraces, she perceived that something weighed upon his mind. The restraint and embarrassment of his manner filled her with dread. For fifteen days she was a prey to the most cruel suspense, yet she dreaded its termination by a disclosure fatal to her happiness. Napoleon, who loved her so much, and who had hitherto looked to her alone for all his domestic felicity, himself felt all the severity of the blow which he was about to inflict. The day at length came, and it is thus affectingly described by Mr. Alison:—

"They dined together as usual, but neither spoke a word during the repast; their eyes were averted as soon as they met, but the countenance of both revealed the mortal anguish of their minds. When it was over, he dismissed the attendants, and approaching the empress with a trembling step took her hand, and laid it upon his heart—'Josephine,' said he, 'my good Josephine, you know how I have loved you; it is to you alone that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is more powerful than my will; my dearest affections must yield to the interests of France.'"

"'Say no more,' cried the empress. 'I expected this; I understand and feel for you, but the stroke is not the less mortal.' With these words, she uttered piercing shrieks, and fell down in a swoon."

"Doctor Corvisart was at hand to render assistance, and she was restored to a sense of her wretchedness in her own apartment. The emperor came to see her in the evening, but she could hardly bear the emotion occasioned by his appearance."

Little did Napoleon think, when he was making a sacrifice of all the "happiness which he had known in the world," that the ambitious views for which it was relinquished would fade away ere five years ran their course. What strange destinies do men carve out for themselves! What sacrifices are they ever making of felicity and of real good, in the pursuit of some phantom which is sure to elude their grasp! How many Edens have been forfeited by madness and by folly, since the first pair were expelled from Paradise!

It was not without an effort on her part to turn Napoleon from a purpose so agonizing to them both, that Josephine gave up all hope. In about a month after the disclosure, a painful task devolved on the imperial family. The motives for the divorce were to be stated in public, and the heart-stricken Josephine was to subscribe to its necessity in presence of the nation. In conformity with the magnanimous resolve of making so great a sacrifice for the advantage of the empire, it was expedient that an equanimity of deportment should be assumed. The scene which took place could never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Napoleon stood pale and immovable as a statue, showing in the very stillness of his air and countenance a deep emotion. Josephine and Hortense alone appeared divested of every ornament, while those about them sparkled in all the splendor of court costume. Every eye was directed to Josephine, as with slow steps she reached the seat which had been prepared for her. She took it with her accustomed grace, and preserved throughout a dignified composure. Hortense stood weeping behind her chair, and poor Eugene was nearly overcome by agitation, as the act of separation was read; Napoleon declared that it was in consideration of the interests of the monarchy and the wishes of his people that there should be an heir to the throne, that he was induced "to sacrifice the sweetest affections of his heart." "God knows," said he, "what such a determination has cost my heart." Of Josephine he spoke with the tenderest affection and respect. "She has embellished fifteen years of my life; the remembrance of them will be forever engraven on my heart."

When it was Josephine's turn to speak, though tears were in her eyes, and though her voice faltered, the dignity of all she uttered impressed every

one who was present. "I respond to all the sentiments of the emperor," she said, "in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and restore the altar, the throne, and social order. I know," she went on to say, "what this act, commanded by policy and exalted interests, has cost his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifice which we make to the good of our country. I feel elevated by giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion that ever was given upon earth."

It was not till Josephine heard the fatal words which were to part her from the object of her affection forever, that her courage seemed for a moment to forsake her; but, hastily brushing away the tears that forced their way, she took the pen which was handed to her, and signed the act; then taking the arm of Hortense, and followed by Eugene, she left the saloon, and hurried to her own apartment, where she shut herself up alone for the remainder of the day.

It is well known that, notwithstanding the courage with which the imperial family came forward before the public on this occasion, they gave way to the most passionate grief in private. Napoleon had retired for the night, and had gone to his bed in silence and sadness, when the private door opened, and Josephine appeared. Her hair fell in wild disorder, and her countenance bore the impress of an incurable grief. She advanced with a faltering step; then paused; and, bursting into an agony of tears, threw herself on Napoleon's neck, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. He tried to console her, but his own tears fell fast with hers. A few broken words—a last embrace—and they parted. The next morning, the whole household assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to a mistress whom they loved and revered. With streaming eyes, they saw her pass the gates of the Tuileries, never to return.

The feelings with which Josephine took up her residence at Malmaison, amidst the scenes so dear to her, may be conceived; but, true to the wishes of the emperor, and to the dictates of her own elevated mind, she bore up under her trying situation with exemplary dignity; but grief had done its part; and no one could look into her face, or meet the sweet melancholy smile with which she welcomed them, without being moved. Happy days, which she had enjoyed amidst these scenes with many of those who waited on her, were sadly contrasted with her forlorn feelings; and though she strove to speak cheerfully, and never complained, the tears which she tried to check or to conceal would sometimes force their way. The chief indulgence which she allowed her feelings was during those hours of the day when she shut herself up alone in Napoleon's cabinet; that chamber where so many moments of confidential intercourse had passed, and which she continued to hold so sacred, that scarcely any one but herself ever entered it. She would not suffer anything to be moved since Napoleon had occupied it. She would herself wipe away the dust, fearing that other hands might disturb what he had touched. The volume which he had been reading when last there lay on the table, open at the page at which he had last looked. The map was there, with all his

tracings of some meditated route; the pen which had given permanence to some passing thought lay beside it; articles of dress were on some of the chairs; everything looked as if he were about to enter.

Even under the changed circumstances which brought Josephine back to Malmaison, her influence over Napoleon, which had been always powerful, was not diminished. No estrangement took place between them. His visits to her were frequent, though her increased sadness was always observed on those days when he made them. They corresponded to the last moment of her life. The letters which she received from him were her greatest solace. It is thus she alludes to them in writing to him:—"Continue to retain a kind recollection of your friend; give her the consolation of occasionally hearing from you, that you still preserve that attachment for her which alone constitutes the happiness of her existence."

The nuptials of Napoleon and Marie Louise took place a very short time after the divorce was ratified. Whatever the bitter feelings of Josephine might have been, they were not mingled with one ungenerous or unjust sentiment. No ill-feeling towards the new empress was excited in her bosom by the rapturous greetings with which she was welcomed on her arrival. "Every one ought," said she, "to endeavor to render France dear to an empress who has left her native country to take up her abode among strangers."

But however elevated above all the meaner passions, the affections of Josephine had received a wound from which they could never recover, and she found it essential, for anything like peace of mind, to remove from scenes of former happiness. She retired to a noble mansion in Navarre, the gift of Napoleon; and as he had made a most munificent settlement on her, she was able to follow the bent of her benevolent mind, and to pass her time in doing good. So far from feeling any mortification on the birth of his son, she unfeignedly participated in the gratification which the emperor felt, and she ever took the most lively interest in the child. She was deeply affected when his birth was announced to her, and retired to her chamber to weep unseen; but no murmur mingled with those natural tears.

It is rare to meet an example of one like Josephine, who has escaped the faults which experience tells us beset the extremes of destiny. In all the power and luxury of the highest elevation, no cold selfishness ever chilled the current of her generous feelings; for in the midst of prosperity her highest gratification was to serve her fellow-creatures, and in adverse circumstances, unsupplied at the world, such was still her sweetest solace. She was, indeed, so wonderfully sustained throughout all the changes and chances of her eventful life, that it needs no assurance to convince us that she must have sought for support beyond this transitory scene.

She employed the peasantry about Navarre in making roads and other useful works. Ever prompt in giving help to those in want, she chanced to meet one of the sisters of charity one day, seeking assistance for the wounded who lay in a neighboring hospital. Josephine gave large relief, promised to put all in train to have her supplied with linen for the sick, and that she would help to prepare lint for their wounds. The petitioner pronounced a blessing on her, and went on

her way, but turned back to ask the name of her benefactress; the answer was affecting—"I am poor Josephine."

There can be no doubt but that Napoleon's thoughts often turned with tenderness to the days that he had passed with Josephine. Proof was given of an unchanging attachment to her, in the favors which he lavished on those connected with her by relationship or affection. Among her friends was Mrs. Damer, so celebrated for her success in sculpture. She had become acquainted with her while she was passing some time in Paris. Charmed by Josephine's varied attractions, she delighted in her society, and they became fast friends; when parting, they promised never to forget each other. The first intimation which Mrs. Damer had of Josephine's second marriage was one day when a French gentleman waited on her; he was the bearer of a most magnificent piece of porcelain and a letter, with which he had been charged for her by the wife of the first consul. Great was her astonishment, when she opened the letter, to find that it was indeed from the wife of the first consul; no longer Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, but her dear friend Josephine, who urged her, with all the warmth of friendship, to pay her an immediate visit at Paris. "I do long," she added, "to present my husband to you." Such a tempting invitation was gladly accepted, and she was received with joy by Napoleon and Josephine. In after years she constantly recalled to mind the pleasures of that visit, with mingled feelings of melancholy and delight. The domestic scene left a lasting impression. Napoleon, always so fascinating in conversation, made himself delightfully agreeable to her; he loved to talk with her of her art; and his originality, enthusiasm, and taste gave an interest to everything he said. He had a great admiration for Fox, and expressed a wish to have his bust. When Mrs. Damer next visited Paris, she brought Fox's bust, but Josephine's place was occupied by another. The emperor saw her, and met her with all the cordiality and kindness which the recollection of former happy days, and her attachment to Josephine, were sure to inspire. At parting, he gave her a splendid snuff-box with his likeness set in diamonds. The box is now in the British Museum.

It was in her retirement at Navarre that Josephine wept bitterly over the falling fortunes of Napoleon. The Russian expedition caused her such deep inquietude that her health and spirits visibly declined; she saw in it a disastrous fate for Napoleon, and trembled too, for the safety of Eugene, a son so dearly and so deservedly beloved, and who was, if possible, rendered still more precious, as the especial favorite of Napoleon, and as having been the means of introducing him to her. Josephine now scarcely joined her ladies, but would remain for the length of the day alone in her chamber, by the large travelling-desk which contained Napoleon's letters. Among these there was one that she was observed to read over and over again, and then to place in her bosom; it was the last that she had received; it was written from Brienne. A passage in it runs thus: "On revisiting this spot, where I passed my youthful days, and contrasting the peaceful condition I then enjoyed with the state of terror and agitation to which my mind is now a prey, often have I addressed myself in these words: I have sought death in numberless engagements, I can no longer dread its approach; I should now

hail it as a boon. Nevertheless, I could still wish to see Josephine once more—" He again adds: "Adieu, my dear Josephine; never dismiss from your recollection one who has never forgotten, and never will forget, you."

It would be needless to dwell on the rapid events which led to Napoleon's abdication, but it would be impossible, even in this imperfect sketch, not to be struck by the strange coincidences of Josephine's life—twice married—twice escaped from a violent death—twice crowned—both husbands sought for a divorce—one husband was executed—the other banished! One of Napoleon's first cares, in making his conditions when he abdicated, was an ample provision for Josephine; 40,000*l.* per annum was settled on her.

It was after Napoleon's departure from the shores of France, that the Emperor Alexander, touched with admiration of Josephine's character, and with pity for her misfortunes, prevailed on her to return to Malmaison to see him there. The associations so linked with the spot that she had loved to beautify must, indeed, have been overpowering. It was there that Napoleon's passionate attachment to her was formed. How many recollections must have been awakened by the pleasure grounds adorned with the costly shrubs and plants which they had so often admired together! how many tears had afterwards fallen among them when the hours of separation came! The Emperor Alexander used every effort to console her, and promised his protection to her children, but sorrow had done its part, and the memories of other times had their effect. Josephine fell sick; malignant sore throat was the form which disease took, during the fatal illness of but a few days. Alexander was unremitting in his attentions; he again soothed the dying mother by the renewal of his promise of care for her children, a promise most faithfully kept. It was in the year 1814 that Napoleon left France for Elba, and also that Josephine died. The bells to which they had loved to listen together tolled her funeral knell. Her remains rest in the parish church of Rueil, near Malmaison. They were followed to the place of interment by a great number of illustrious persons who were desirous of paying this parting token of respect to one so much loved and honored. Upwards of eight thousand of the neighboring peasantry joined the funeral procession to pay their tribute of affection and veneration to her, who was justly called "*the mother of the poor and distressed.*" The tomb erected by her children marks the spot where she takes her "long last sleep." It bears the simple inscription—

EUGENE ET HORTENSE À JOSEPHINE.

Napoleon, too, paid a parting visit to the residence which he had preferred to every other. After his unsuccessful attempt to resume the sovereignty of France, he spent six days at Malmaison to muse over departed power and happiness, and then left the shores of France forever!

THE French Minister of Agriculture and Commerce has issued a circular to the Chambers of Commerce, calling upon them to nominate intelligent *ouvriers* to be sent to London, partly at the expense of their masters and partly at that of the government, to study the Great Exhibition

From Chambers' Papers for the People.

THE LOST LAIRD. — A TALE OF '45.

MORE than four months had passed since the fatal day of Culloden; not only had the disaffected districts been treated with merciless severity by the commanders of the English army, but atrocities had been perpetrated, which had long been unheard of in civilized warfare, by the parties of soldiers despatched in all directions to disarm and lay waste every part of the country in which the prince's cause had been espoused. "Before the 10th of June, the task of desolation was complete throughout all the western parts of Inverness-shire; and the curse which had been denounced upon Scotland by the religious enthusiasts of the preceding century was at length so entirely fulfilled, that it would have been literally possible to travel for days through the depopulated glens without seeing a chimney smoke or hearing a cock crow." The continual escape of Charles Edward, which seemed little short of miraculous, doubtless tended to exasperate the feelings of his pursuers, and to add cruelty to their conduct, when every fresh disappointment proved the inadequacy of their best-concerted plans against the determination of the clansmen to protect him.

"After the escape of the prince through the cordon between Loch Houran and Loch Shiel, in the latter part of July, the military powers at Fort Augustus seem scarcely ever to have got a ray of genuine intelligence respecting his motions; and his friends, all excepting the few who attended him, were equally at a loss to imagine where he was, or how he concealed himself." The forest of Badenoch, in the wildest and most rugged part of the Highlands, meanwhile had given him shelter, in the company of his friends Lochiel and Cluny, to visit whom he had undertaken so toilsome and dangerous a journey.

Amongst those in the neighborhood of the glens in which he now wandered, none were less aware of his retreat than the family of Mr. Morrison of Dalcairdie. They had hitherto enjoyed comparative peace, although living on the extreme verge of Forfarshire, not far from the roads leading from Inverness to Perth and to Dundee. This had been owing to Mr. Morrison's steadfast refusal to bear arms in a cause which he, in common with many other Highland gentlemen of established character and prudence, had predicted would end disastrously both for Scotland and the House of Stuart. He had thus often been enabled to gain some mitigation of the cruelties practised by Duke William's emissaries; and his wife, building her hopes on the same foundation, had with great difficulty obtained his consent to her undertaking a journey to Perth, to solicit from the Earl of Loudoun a pardon for her brother, who had been taken prisoner, and was there in jail awaiting his fate. The duke had, some time before her arrival, passed through the city, so closely surrounded by his officers as to preclude all chance of his receiving the petitions even of those who, desperate in their love and their fear, had thrown themselves on their knees almost beneath the horses' feet; and he had left behind him spirits as reckless of suffering as himself. Mrs. Morrison failed in the object of her journey; but she obtained a protection for her husband's tenantry, with which she trusted to return home in safety during the first week of September. The autumn day was unusually bright and balmy on which she was expected back, under the escort of

her faithful servant, Allan Maxwell; and the spot she loved best on earth had never looked more calm and beautiful than it did when her husband and their only child, a boy of five years old, stood together on the terrace of the small French garden to the south of their dwelling, anxiously looking out for some notice of her approach. It was natural that, under such circumstances, Mr. Morrison should feel unable to apply himself to business of importance which lay before him; and he determined, after writing a letter in his study, to proceed at once on horseback, in hopes of meeting her. He accordingly summoned Janet Maxwell, Allen's wife, to take his child, who clung perseveringly to him in spite of her promise to go with him to "the bonnie burnie dub," as he was wont to call a pool, in a sequestered dingle at some little distance from the house. It was formed by one of those innumerable mountain streams which fertilize the valleys embosomed in the spurs of the Grampians; and there his mother often took him to swim his nutshell fleet upon its deep and sparkling water. The long tract of fir-wood which darkened the hill at the back of the massive and irregular mansion, lent the charm of contrast to the spot; for it was overhung by a group of graceful forest-trees, whose shade kept the grass there always green, and whose gnarled trunks were garlanded with climbing shrubs, which Mrs. Morrison had planted. Here and there the water had worn away the earth from their roots, and fretted them into mimic caves, in which Kenneth harbored his boats. He had once more launched them on the pool, and was busily engaged in his sport, when his quick ear detected a slight rustling in the thicket, which rose abruptly on the opposite side of the dell.

"Oh! minnie, minnie, is it you?" he cried; and at the same moment his nurse, with instinctive precaution, caught him in her arms. Scarcely had she done so, when two strangers emerged from the wood, and stood on the narrow ledge just before her. Both were travel-soiled and meanly clad; the one who addressed her, and asked if Mr. Morrison was then within, spoke in Gaelic, thick and hurriedly, as if breathless from exertion. His companion was a young and handsome man, whose air of distinction, in spite of his attire, struck her practised eye; and she felt assured they were some of the skulking gentlemen, whose whereabouts she had heard of from the country people in the fastnesses of Benalder. She answered in the affirmative, and they immediately disappeared.

Janet was about to follow them to the house with Kenneth, whose wondering eyes were still scanning the place where they had stood, when a clang of armed men, and the sound of English oaths, was heard in the wood, the matted branches of which opposed a considerable barrier to an approach from the west. Janet's determination to give no assistance to any in search of the fugitives she had just spoken with, was strengthened by the uncertainty which attended the concealment of the prince, to betray whom would have been, in her estimation, a crime of the deepest dye. The resemblance of the youngest of the strangers, in the short brown coat and clouted shoes, to the gallant young commander whom she had seen, some months before, leading his army towards Inverness, with his glittering star shining on his breast, and his light hair floating on the breeze, as graceful a hero as ever won favor in woman's eyes, had flashed on her recollection the moment he turned from her. As these thoughts passed through her mind, several

of the soldiers issued from the thicket; one of them missed his footing as he scrambled over the broken ground, and fell at the edge of the pool. This accident attracted the attention of his comrades, who now observed her, and demanded rudely of her whether she had seen any one pass through the grounds. To their inquiries she only answered in Gaelic, and they were too hotly in pursuit of their prey to waste many words upon her. A few minutes had now elapsed since the appearance of the fugitives, who meanwhile had gained the house, and entered the room in which Mr. Morrison was writing. None ever heard the particulars of that brief interview; it was only known afterwards that he led those who sought his protection through a back door, and along a short path which led to the fir-wood. From it was a continuous tract of wood and fell, reaching far towards the heights of Ben Uarn, where no footstep but those of the Gael might follow theirs. As Mr. Morrison reëntered his house, he heard the brutal voices of the dragoons, who, with determined purpose, were closing round it. He went out to them with a calm and authoritative air, which for a moment awed men accustomed to discipline, and demanded whom they sought, and what they meant by behaving in so outrageous a manner in a peaceful dwelling.

"We want no warrant," answered one, "for searching a house which is a harbor for rebels; and find them we will, if we burn it down, and smoke them out like rats."

"If the Pretender is not here," said another, "I'll never believe my eyes again; for as sure as my name's Jem Short, I saw him, and no other, go round the hill on the other side of the wood, and make for this place."

"Ay, ay!" shouted his companions; "why do we stand palavering here with a Scotchman while they may be getting off! Come, fair play or foul, set to work!"

"Set to work, and welcome!" said Mr. Morrison; "my loyalty never yet has been questioned; my people have not one of them joined the insurgents; nor is my house a shelter for them. I will myself give you every help in searching it, and direct my servants to show you the way through the woods." So saying, the laird, with the assistance of a dozen retainers of all ages, commenced an active search, not only through every hole and corner of his rambling dwelling, but likewise in the grounds, taking especial care of course to make it most energetic in the direction most contrary to that pursued by his late visitors.

The small party of Hawley's dragoons who had first surrounded the house, was speedily augmented by a larger detachment, who came straggling up, as they were able, on horseback, over the uneven ground—their long, loose skirts flying behind them as they rode, armed with huge holster-pistols and carbines, and their appearance giving altogether an impression of resistless force to the little band of servants and laborers who witnessed their approach. At first, the certainty of success, and some respect for the Laird of Dalcairdie's character, induced them to proceed with tolerable decency; but by degrees, as it became evident that their intended prisoners had escaped them, their indignation knew no bounds, and the most savage threats resounded on all sides. They insisted on his accompanying them to head-quarters; and, on the passionate protestations of their comrades that they had tracked the prince to the very borders of the estate, two of the most ferocious amongst them bound Mr. Mor-

rison by his long hair to the tail of one of the horses, and set off with him at full speed from his hall door. Past the trim garden, down the hill-side, close by the dingle where his child remained hidden amongst the trees, rushed the frantic rout of men and horses, dragging to his horrible death one of the gentlest and bravest hearts in all that desolate land. Long afterwards the track was shown which had been marked by Alexander Morrison's blood. It broke off at the door of a farmhouse, whose master had brought out all his money to induce the soldiers to set his laird on horseback, dead or dying as he was; they took his pouch of gold, and raised the disfigured body before them. They were becoming calmer, like madmen when blood has been shed, when they entered the long straggling street of Blairgowrie, late in the evening. Here the road from Perth joined that which led southward to Dundee, whither they intended to carry their victim; and here they met a cavalcade, consisting of a lady riding on a pillion behind a well-armed and athletic man, and four servants who followed her.

"Let us turn aside, good Allan," said the lady, "while these soldiers pass. I cannot look on arms and disorder now as I did before I had secured my husband's safety; my courage seems to fail as I get nearer home, and I have less need for it."

"Nay, madam," answered the servant, "you have now nothing to fear; any insolence offered to you would meet with military punishment."

"Alas!" replied his mistress, "consider the scenes we have witnessed, and the more frightful ones we have heard of! What warrant or semblance of justice do the English troops require, when once their passions are let loose?"

"They are coming from Dalcairdie," said Allan; "there are some of our people in the rear."

"Heaven grant," cried Mrs. Morrison, for she it was, "that no disturbance may have happened there!" As she spoke, her pale face became livid with terror, her blue eyes were distended with the intensity of her gaze, as she fixed them upon an object, partially covered with a plaid, which Allan could scarcely comprehend.

"It is a wounded man," he said, "whom they are bringing along."

"Dead!" cried the lady. And it seemed as though the word had frozen her lips as it passed them, for she then remained speechless, steadfastly looking forwards.

Allan dismounted to help her, but she urged on the horse, and was instantly surrounded by the soldiery. Her only thought was to reach her husband's corpse, to see if human help was indeed no longer of avail. And the ruffians, whose hands were red with murder, felt her agony. They suffered her to draw near, and one covered the face, which even they were unwilling the wife should look upon, telling her at the same moment that all hope was over. Their conduct towards Allan and his comrades was, however, very different; and as the tumult increased in the little town through which they were passing, Mrs. Morrison roused herself from her trance-like grief, and spoke in accents of mingled entreaty and command: "Let no more blood be shed; enough cries out to Heaven for vengeance to-day! Only give me a place where the dead may be laid—I have no more to ask."

Her prayer was granted; and men who would have scorned an hour before to have been thought accessible to pity, now bore Mr. Morrison's corpse into the nearest house, and rode on, leaving her

alone with her own servants and its inhabitants, taking, however, Allan Maxwell with them, as a suspected person, to Dundee. Scarcely had they departed, before the throes of bodily suffering were added to the unhappy lady's affliction; and then there followed a struggle with whose mortal agonies no hope was mingled; and, as the chill gray morning dawned, it revealed the shades of death upon her face as clearly as on that of the still-born infant lying by her side.

It was a smothered howl of rage and sorrow that rose that morning at Blairgowrie, and was echoed at Dalcairdie, where, towards noon, the corpses were borne with as little show as possible, and laid in lowly state in the dining-room, with a large sheet thrown over them, which fell round the tressels upon the floor.

Janet Maxwell's anxieties, meanwhile, were divided between her cares for the dead and her fears for the living. With a fidelity not uncommon in her class in Scotland, she determined to sacrifice every other object to the safety of her nursing, young Kenneth Morrison. She had heard the soldiers, in their disappointed rage, had vowed destruction on all belonging to the family and the house of Dalcairdie, and she now apprehended their return, both to ransack or burn down the dwelling, and to carry off the child. Nor were her fears ungrounded; for the day had scarcely closed in before a number of the dreaded dragoons arrived. They found the house empty, and proceeded to regale themselves on the provisions they met with, to tear down the hangings, and pack up the stores of fine damask on which the mistress was wont to pride herself, and to carry off the massive picture frames. None the less peacefully, for the tumult that filled the house, slept its infant heir in the arms of its nurse. She had given him a sleeping-draught; and then, strange as the expedient appears, had crept with him under the cloth which covered the remains of his parents, and the infant on its mother's arm, arranging it, however, so as to leave their forms visible. The funeral tapers burnt round them, but there was nothing left in the apartment that could excite cupidity; and, although the door was rudely opened more than once, the unlooked-for solemnity of the scene had so powerful an influence, that it was immediately closed again; and all that long night Janet's retreat remained sacred and unsuspected. At last she heard the welcome sounds of the departure of the soldiers; and then she tarried no longer, not even to see the dust of those for whom she would have laid down her life committed to the grave; but, tying up a bundle of linen, and hiding some money about her, she set forth on foot, leading Kenneth, whom she had dressed as a peasant's child, by the hand. They had a long and weary journey to Edinburgh, cheered, however, by the glad tidings of Charles Edward's escape to France, soon after his perilous visit to Badenoch.

It may be that Janet's alarm for the safety of her charge was exaggerated; but being a woman of strong determination, as well as a warm fancy, she succeeded in impressing it on the mind of his only near relation, a maiden lady living at Edinburgh, Miss Grizel Morrison, and persuading her that his only chance of reaching man's estate would lie in his being unknown during his short stay under her roof, and his being educated in France. Miss Morrison accordingly undertook the charge of conveying her nephew to St. Germain, where she placed him in the family of Lady Lucan, an Eng-

lishwoman, possessed of some fortune, whose parents had gone into exile with their sovereign; and whose own interest in Kenneth was fully awakened by his father's tragic fate. All connected with him seemed destined to share somewhat of the same horrors. His aunt, having seen him happily settled with his new protectress, was returning to Scotland with the papers she had had drawn up at St. Germain, duly attesting his right to his family estate, when the diligence in which she travelled was attacked by highwaymen near Abbeville. Some of the passengers were killed, and all their property was carried off or scattered. Poor Miss Grizel Morrison received only a slight wound, but it proved fatal after a few days' illness; and by her death Kenneth was left, with no legal proofs of his identity as the Laird of Dalcairdie's son, to the charitable care of Lady Lucan.

Allan Maxwell had been set at liberty after eight months of captivity in the crowded prison of Dundee; he then sought his old home at Dalcairdie, expecting to find only a ruin where he had left peace and abundance. How much was he astonished to see new faces in the familiar place; to hear a new language; to find, in short, the estate transferred in that brief space to other owners, and a distant cousin of his master's, James Morrison, merchant of London, installed in full possession of the family property! Few of the former tenants were left; but in a cabin belonging to one of these he found his faithful Janet, whose presence beneath his prison walls had cheered and assisted him from the time she had provided for the young laird's safety till within a few days of his release. Her tale was told in few words, and consisted chiefly of the relation of the ravages of Hawley's brigade in that part of the country. Under pretence of avenging the escape of the prince, they had dismantled the village of Dalcairdie, turning out its defenceless inhabitants to the shelter of the wintry hills; many had been shot on the mountain-side in mere wantonness; the cattle and provisions of all sorts had been carried off to the camp, and numbers had perished from hunger. Under such circumstances, it was scarcely a subject of regret to the unfortunate tenantry of the late laird, that one of his name, Englishman though he was by birth and education, should come to the estate; for they hoped to gain from him something of the protection to which they had been accustomed from the lords of the soil: nor were they wholly disappointed. Janet Maxwell, who had remained hidden in the remote hut to which she had betaken herself, speedily induced her husband to go with her into the neighborhood of Dunkeld, to the house of a friend of her master's, Mr. Lindsay, of Kincaldrum, in whom alone she thought she could trust. By slow degrees quiet was restored in the neighborhood under the auspices of Mr. James Morrison, who was a stanch Hanoverian; and his ignorance of the language and habits of his people assisted him in the comfortable assurance that no lurking suspicion of the justice of his claim was left amongst them. In a time so troubled and sanguinary as that we have described, the strange fate of Miss Grizel Morrison excited little interest beyond the circle of her friends at Edinburgh, who had all more immediate subjects of anxiety or sorrow; and as the object of her journey to France had been unknown, the whole story, united with that of her unfortunate relatives, was soon mixed up with a mass of false statements, and in a few years almost forgotten.

Kenneth meanwhile grew up to man's estate, under the watchful care of Lady Lucan, and that of an old Episcopalian clergyman named Ross, who performed the duties of a domestic chaplain amongst some of the English families resident at St. Germain. His pupil acquired an education which was far more suited to polish the manners, and to give elegance and activity to the mind, than any he could have obtained in either the English or the Scottish schools. He was a noble and high-spirited youth; but from the time in which he heard the tale of his father's murder, and of his mother's broken heart, a shade of melancholy came over him; and the uncertainty of his future lot inclined him more and more to indulge in those romantic dreams which shed so fair a coloring upon the morning of life, and fade away so soon into the common light of the work-day world. Janet Maxwell had long become a widow, and still lived in the family of Mr. Lindsay, who had immediately given her a home in his house on hearing the portion of her story which she chose to disclose, and intrusted his only child to her care—a beautiful little girl named Marion, who was then only two years old. Janet had set her heart on Kenneth's existence remaining unknown at Dalcairdie until he was of an age to enter on the possession of his birthright; but she occasionally dropped mysterious hints to Marion of the certainty of his return from some foreign land (and France and Persia seemed about equally distant to her) to claim the estate of his forefathers, and with it, like the enchanted prince of a fairy tale, the hand of her Snowdrop—her sweet Marion Lindsay. At nineteen, Marion's affections were free; and it was but natural that her imagination should be captivated, for there were none of the young men who frequented her father's house who could bear a moment's comparison with the picture she had formed in her own mind of the lost Laird of Dalcairdie. When she chanced to hear an allusion to his supposed death or mysterious disappearance on the night of the murder, (for Janet had invariably protested her ignorance of his fate,) she felt personally aggrieved; and though in her childhood she had often spoken of him and of his return home, she now preserved a silence on the subject, at which she sometimes blushed and smiled alone. Little did she imagine that the eventful moment had arrived in which her vision was to be realized or forever dispelled, when a servant came to her, one evening in August, to say that a strange gentleman was in the oak parlor waiting to see Mr. Lindsay. She had been flitting backwards and forwards amongst her flowers in her own favorite parterre, and she now went in through the open window of the sitting-room, where her mother sat at work, and roused her father from a gentle doze into which he had just fallen over an old number of "The Lyon in Mourning," in his huge arm-chair; and, having discharged her duty of sending him to his visitor, she resumed her occupation without more than a passing thought of who that guest was likely to be. The room into which the stranger had been shown was a long, low apartment, raftered with black oak, and lighted at the further end by a latticed bay-window. As he stood by the casement, with his head half-turned towards it, and his graceful figure outlined against the golden western light, Mr. Lindsay entered, still in a dreamy mood; and the first sound which arrested the attention of his guest was one between a groan and an ejaculation, uttered from the recess of an Indian screen which stood before the door; he

beheld Mr. Lindsay holding on to it with one hand, while he held out the other in a deprecating attitude. Thus made aware of his presence, he advanced towards the centre of the room, with his native ease of manner somewhat embarrassed by the singularity of his reception; but scarcely had he spoken, when his host exclaimed, in a voice husky with emotion, "Stand where ye are, man, and tell me your name!"

"I presume," he replied, in tones that were certainly of this living world, "that I am addressing Mr. Lindsay?"

"Ay, ye know it well," answered the latter.

"Then to you, my father's oldest and dearest friend, I reply that my name is Kenneth Morrison of Dalcairdie; and that I am come to you to claim your hospitality and assistance for his sake."

"There is not a son of James Morrison living," replied Mr. Lindsay doubtfully; "and if there were, he is no friend of mine." But, as if convinced that his visitor was at least not a ghost, he also came forward a few steps.

"No," said Kenneth; "my father has long slept in a bloody grave. I have been only a few days in Scotland; but I bring letters from Lady Lucan—whose name at least you know—at St. Germain, and from the Rev. Mr. Ross, once an Episcopalian minister at Perth, which must serve as my credentials."

"You have need of none to me, I think," cried Mr. Lindsay. "If I had not proved myself a fool already, I would say, trust in me you may! Your hand, my boy! Let me look in your face. Who shall tell me after this that Alexander Morrison's son does not stand here before me, with his mother's two blue eyes looking out at me! Surely, I thought, if the grave might give up the dead, it was himself come in the gloaming to the old room in which we parted last!"

"Mr. Lindsay," he said, "I must not for a moment mislead you. Strange as the fact may appear, I am informed that I have no legal proof of my own identity; such is the opinion of Mr. Ross, in whose judgment I have reason to confide; such will probably be your own when you have heard my history."

"A fig for lawyers!" exclaimed Mr. Lindsay. "But, my dear boy, you shall tell it to us all. My wife and Marion must hear it; ay, and old Janet too. Janet!—I might have thought of her before!" So saying, and scarcely apologizing for his abrupt departure, the Laird of Kincaldrum left the room; and being left once more alone, Kenneth—after glancing along the book-shelves near the window, as every lover of reading must mechanically do—occupied himself in scanning the features of the view which spread before it. But once more his meditations were interrupted by an unusual greeting. He had scarcely turned his head, on hearing footsteps approaching, when he saw with Mr. Lindsay an old woman of low stature bending forwards with her keen eyes riveted upon him, under the shade of the tartan which she wore over her snow-white cap. In another moment she gave a piercing cry, and then sprang towards him as a dog would fawn upon a long-absent master.

"Janet!" cried Kenneth, throwing his arms round her, and stooping to kiss her pale forehead; "many years have passed since you watched over me; but I feel it is indeed like coming home to find you here!"

"Who shall doubt now," cried Kincaldrum triumphantly, "that our ain bairn has come back

to us? Come, come, Janet; we must have no tears! All should look bright upon him, and you most of all; for was it not to you he owed his safety? Woman, you have trifled with us overlong! But I had always some suspicion of the truth that you had a knowledge you did not choose to declare!"

"The time is come to declare it," said Janet; "but first let me see him better for myself." She drew him towards the fading light, as gently as if he had been a child still, and made him sit down on the low window-seat, while she passed her withered hand through his luxuriant hair and over his face. "I could swear to him now," she cried, "were I blind! The righteous fell, but he was not forsaken; and lo! his son is raised up in his stead! Oh, blessings on the day which has brought Kenneth Morrison back to wed the Snowdrop of Kincaidrum!"

"I desire, Janet," said Mr. Lindsay, "that you will utter no more of your fancies on this subject; I warn you that they are most displeasing to Marion, as well as to her mother and myself."

In perfect ignorance of what sort of damsel his destined bride might be, Kenneth could not avoid smiling at the whimsical turn Janet's thanksgiving had taken; especially as Mr. Lindsay appeared exceedingly annoyed, and as the old woman kept muttering, "What is decreed maun come to pass, let wha will try to hinder!" But she was now hastily dismissed, with injunctions not to spread the news through the house—a caution which greatly offended her, having, as she said, "Kept the secret of her bairn's very existence close enough for many a weary year already."

"Not so closely as she thinks, poor old body," observed Mr. Lindsay; "though, to be sure, I was rather taken aback by the unlooked-for resemblance to your father when I first entered the room. Now that will be a good proof to the lawyers, I think, when we come to the point. We may as well keep our own counsel now, and not set James Morrison on the scent too soon; for he is as wary as a fox, and will require canny dealing."

On reaching the room in which we left Marion and her mother, Kenneth perceived at a glance that they were already informed of his name, and were awaiting his appearance with some agitation. Mrs. Lindsay, whose heart was always open to every motherly feeling, was ready to welcome him with overflowing eyes, and to give him full credit for all Janet's praises. Marion neither blushed nor looked conscious when he turned from her mother's greeting to address himself to her, for she had suddenly felt her day-dream vanish into thin air in his actual presence; not because he was less handsome or pleasing in manner than she had expected, but because it was a very different thing to form a picture in her own mind from all ideal excellences, and to behold before her a young man who bore the impress of good sense and good breeding in every tone and gesture, but who, she instantly felt, might very probably never think of her at all. She was surprised at the ease with which she now conversed with this hero of her fancy. And Kenneth, in his turn, thought her frank and simple manner as winning as the sweetness of her countenance. During the hospitable supper, which was soon set before the young guest, the conversation naturally turned on the scenes in which he had passed the greater part of his life; and he described the little English and Irish colony of St. Germain's with all the peculiarities of their situation, and

dwelt on the chivalrous feelings which had led to it in language that went straight to Mr. Lindsay's heart.

"Ay," he said, "I knew almost all who are living there now in poverty and exile, when their youth was full of hope and enterprise; gallant hearts they were as ever beat; and age cannot much have changed them."

"It is touching," said Kenneth, "to see how little they have altered; how deep their love is still for their own country; and how proudly they cherish the memory of their prince, as he once appeared among them, though report speaks gloomily of his present life—"

"I'll not believe it!" interrupted Mrs. Lindsay; "he has borne his weird many a year, with misfortune and disappointment for his companions; but he is our own king's son—a true Scottish prince in heart, I'll answer for him; and time will show that we've no call to sorrow for one drop of the blood that has been shed, one spell of the suffering that has been borne, for his sake!" Here the Lady of Kincaidrum, overcome by her own warmth, burst into tears; and Marion, rising, went to her small harpsichord, and struck a few notes of the well-known air, "Charlie is my darling!"

"The words—the words, my lassie!" cried her father; and she sung them with a mixture of enthusiasm and of thrilling pathos which Kenneth never afterwards forgot.

"You spoke just now of Duncan Ross," said Mr. Lindsay, as she concluded; "his testimony will carry great weight with it to all who knew him."

"To none will it seem weightier, I imagine," replied his wife, "than to our excellent friends, Mr. Grant and his sister, Miss Isobel; they were too great friends once ever to have forgotten him. That was one of the many stories of sore tribulation that belonged to the rising of '45; you'll have heard of it, Mr. Kenneth!"

"No, indeed," answered Kenneth; "I know little of Mr. Ross' early history."

"It is an old-world tale now," continued his hostess; "but Duncan Ross was a young minister most highly thought of, with prospects of advancement second to none of his age, when he first won the heart of bonnie Lilian Grant—that was Miss Isobel's younger sister. Well, they just waited year after year, for a presentation, as young folk must often do, till about the time the prince came to Scotland, and then Mr. Grant was appointed to the Old Church at Perth. There was much rejoicing that day; but it soon came to an end; for there was not the heart in him that he could have read the Duke of Cumberland's proclamation, threatening with death all who concealed the poor fugitives from Culloden; and so, by reason of his silence, he was led away a prisoner the very Monday he should have been married. Lilian saw him as they took him past her father's house, and there was a glint in her eye, as if she triumphed because of his honor; but she never smiled again. He was put into an awful prison-ship in the Thames; and when at last he did escape to Holland, the first news that reached him was, that she was dead. You'll not wonder after this that a letter from him will reach the hearts of Mr. Grant and his sister."

"It is a story," replied Kenneth, warmly, "to make his word sacred forever; but he cannot give them such information as you might naturally expect. Lady Lucan invited him over from Holland, chiefly, I believe, to take charge of my edu-

cation, whom she had so generously befriended; and when he arrived, I was nearly six years old. Here, however, is my honored tutor's letter, as well as one from Lady Lucan." So saying, Kenneth gave to Mr. Lindsay two large letters, each secured by a thread, and also by double seals. He took them in silence, and began to study their contents with the air of a man whose mind is made up. Meanwhile Marion spoke in a low voice to her mother: "If, as you suppose, the recollections of past days have much weight with Mr. and Miss Grant, surely their affection for Gertrude Morrison will have yet greater. They will be most reluctant to believe that she is no longer the rich heiress she has been thought, and to see her turned out of her beautiful home, where she is so justly beloved. Poor Gertrude, how little she thinks what lies before her!" Marion at the moment felt as if she could have wished Kenneth safe back at St. Germain, and turned her dark-gray eyes almost reproachfully towards him.

"May I ask, Miss Lindsay," he said, "of whom you are speaking? I could not avoid hearing your words, and they have made me fear that I shall be beset with even more difficulties than I had apprehended, though of a different kind. I confess that Mr. Morrison's probable objection never appeared to me a very formidable one, seeing that he has enjoyed my property now about sixteen years."

"You must know, then," replied Marion, with her cheek glowing as she spoke, "that he has one daughter left out of a large family, and that his affection for her is at least a redeeming feature in his otherwise cold and selfish character. So we used to think of him; but even there we may have been unjust"—

"Your father was never unjust to any one, my bairn," interrupted her mother with an accent of mild reproof.

"Never willingly," continued Marion; "but surely we knew neither him nor Gertrude till last summer, and then did we not all judge more favorably of him for her sake? At three-and-twenty she was left alone in the world with her father; one sister after another, to whom she had supplied a mother's care, died by her side. At last, her only brother went too; and yet I ought not to say that even then Gertrude was left quite alone, for she is surrounded by people who owe her everything, and love her as she deserves; and she has one friend who would lay down her life for her—and that is Miss Grant. You will think, Mr. Morrison, that I am going to describe a perfect heroine of romance, from whom to claim your own would be unworthy of all knightly honor; but on one important point I can set your imagination at rest—Gertrude is not beautiful." Kenneth smiled in answer to Marion's smile, which softened the glow of enthusiasm with which she had spoken. Was it so, that the consciousness of his eye being fixed on her own eloquent features, made her heart beat quicker, and her cheek flush again? If so, the emotion passed as rapidly as it had arisen, for a new thought had taken possession of her active mind; and it lent a softer light to her countenance as she repeated, bending her head over some work she had taken up from the table, "Gertrude is not beautiful; who that knew her would ever think of that?"

"I like, of all things," said Kenneth, gayly, "to hear one lady describe another. Tell me what she is like. Did you see her at Dalcairdie?"

"No," replied Marion; "that is the last place

in Scotland my father would have wished me to go to—though, indeed, Gertrude did most kindly ask me there. I only saw her with her friends, the Grants. As to her face, I cannot describe it. No one would think of painting such a one; but if an artist ever did give a correct idea of it, I should say he deserved a place with those grand old masters who painted the spirit shining through the material part."

"Bless the bairn!" exclaimed Mrs. Lindsay, "what is she after? You have a most pleasant voice, Marion, my dear; but what your words signify I know not; and you are not used to talk with so little meaning."

Kenneth looked, however, as if he quite understood her. Mr. Lindsay had by this time completely studied the letters he had given him, and now looked with a puzzled expression which did not escape his daughter's observation. "I should certainly prefer," he said, "consulting Mr. Grant before we take any decided step in this business. He is as great a friend of the Morrisons as if he were sib to them; but there is not a man for all that whom I would sooner trust, for he always sees straight into the heart of any matter that is set before him. It appears that there is legal proof wanting that you, Kenneth Morrison, whom Lady Lucan testifies to having received from the hands of Janet, are the same who, three months previously, disappeared from Dalcairdie; and, therefore, it behoves us to have recourse to one who knows the law, and yet can discern more than what law-books can tell."

"Such is the judge I would choose," replied Kenneth, "and I commit myself to your guidance most willingly."

"We should set out in good time to-morrow," said Kincaldrum; "but before we separate to-night, give us one more song, Marion, and let it be the one you used to be so fond of—

I hae nae kith, I hae nae kin,
Nor ane that's dear to me."

Marion sung as she was requested, but her voice faltered for a minute, till the exquisite melody seemed to inspire her; and then, as she went on, Kenneth asked himself whether it had happened to him, as in an Eastern tale, that he had dreamed of the lovely form which now for the first time was near him. He had, indeed, been haunted by a vision of beauty and of grace; for he remembered his mother, and all that was most noble and purest in the character of woman had woven itself in his mind round that dim, soft image, till it had become a spell to guard him from every unworthy passion. Strangely it rose before him while Marion sung, and surrounded her with its sanctity. Where had he heard her voice before? When she ceased, he drew a long breath, but no words of compliment would come to his lips.

"You doubtless know that song?" said Mr. Lindsay, trying to look perfectly unconcerned.

"I have often heard it," replied Kenneth, "amongst the English in France; but as Miss Lindsay sung it now, a recollection of home, of my father's house, came over me with a wonderful distinctness. I could almost have fancied myself a child again, playing by an open window that looked out over a broad valley, in which gleamed distant waters. Yes! the sun was sinking behind a group of dark trees to the left, and I was told of the blood that was poured out in Scotland like water. The river looked blood-red while Janet—

—for she I believe it was—spoke to me. Miss Lindsay, you are a sorceress from my native glens; and your power has been exerted to-night to bring the long forgotten past before me!”

“Accuse Janet then of witchcraft, rather than me,” replied Marion. “She taught me that melody almost as soon as I could speak; and I have no doubt given it the peculiar character of her singing, which used to be wild and plaintive in no ordinary degree.”

At that moment the door opened, and Janet made her appearance.

“I was coming ben,” she said, “when I heard Miss Marion singing, and I stopped on the stair-head to hearken. It was just my own sweet leddy’s song that she lo’ed sae weel, and that I taught my Lily because she lo’ed it, and for anither reason too. But the weird in a’ things maun come to pass that has begun this night. But eh, Kincaldrum, I wonder at your keeping up the bairns this late, and that puir lad sae weary wi’ his lang travel!”

“Confess now, Janet,” said Mrs. Lindsay, kindly, “that you are longing to have him all to yourself in his own chamber.”

“I’ll no deny it,” answered Janet.

But here Mr. Lindsay interfered. He explained briefly to the old woman his purpose of accompanying Kenneth on the morrow to Dunkeld, to consult Mr. Grant; and then exacted a promise from her that she would not again speak to Kenneth until their return, which she gave somewhat reluctantly. When at last Kenneth sunk to sleep on his snow-white pillows, he was startled at seeing her once more bend over him with her finger on her lips.

The following morning, after a substantial breakfast, which Mr. Lindsay intimated might precede a long ride, Kenneth set off with his host to the neighboring town of Dunkeld, from whence, indeed, he had come on the previous evening. They dismounted at the door of a large old house near the cathedral, and found Mr. Grant in the garden, taking his usual morning exercise up and down a trim gravel-walk, which, being at the back of the house, overlooked the magnificent terrace on the east bank of the Tay. He was a little, spare man, remarkably alert in all his movements, with a twinkle in his eyes, and a good-humored expression about his mouth, which gave a peculiarly cordial character to the greeting with which he hastened forward to meet his visitors. Mr. Lindsay had his business too much at heart to make any long introduction to the story he had come to tell, and the old lawyer was speedily put in possession of every fact with which he was himself acquainted. They had continued pacing up and down the garden, and Kenneth observed the effect of the communication on Mr. Grant’s cautious countenance, without being able clearly to decipher its expression. At length he stopped short in his walk, and, looking full at Kenneth, he said: “Mr. Morrison, (for so I willingly address you,) the subject on which my friend Kincaldrum has done me the honor to consult me, is one more interesting to my sister and myself than you would readily suppose. It involves, at least to a great degree, the fortunes and future prospects of highly esteemed friends. Such I reckon James Morrison, now of Dalcairdie, and the young lady his daughter. He begs me to inform him what I consider the surest means of turning them out of house and home, and I answer boldly—prove your right to the inheritance, and

they will surrender it to you without hesitation, whether any mere law quibbles interfere or not.”

“On no other grounds,” replied Kenneth, “than such as may fully satisfy a candid and clear-sighted man, would I wish to stand for my right. Would it not be well that I should communicate at once with Mr. James Morrison, which strikes me as the most straightforward course to pursue? I should then explain the singular promise exacted by Janet from my aunt, and considered binding by Lady Lucan and Mr. Ross. This alone can account for the silence preserved with regard to me, and for my being known in France by no other name than Kenneth Lucan—a distant relation, as was supposed, of the husband of my benefactress.”

Mr. Grant mused for a minute, still keeping his eye fixed on Kenneth’s open countenance, and then answered: “No; I think the first thing to be done is to ascertain the degree of evidence that can be afforded by the people still living, with whom, according to Janet’s account, those weeks were passed which intervened between the day you were carried from your father’s house, and that on which you were placed under Miss Grizel’s care. I am well assured that your cousin will yield only to such proof as will stand the clearest daylight; but to that, believe me, he will give up the broad lands he now holds as fairly as you could desire.”

“Then I entreat of you,” said Kenneth, eagerly, “let me set off this very day to obtain it! I feel that if only my claim were allowed, and my father’s name borne in that place in which he died so foul a death, I could even be content to go into poverty and exile once more with a light heart.”

“No need for that, my boy!” interrupted Mr. Lindsay; “I entirely approve of our friend’s suggestion, and I will myself accompany you to the Highlands, where”—

“I beg your pardon, Kincaldrum,” said Mr. Grant; “but before the journey is arranged, let me speak a word to you in private. Mr. Morrison, I will consign you to my sister’s care for half an hour. She will be glad to hear of our friends over the water; and we, meanwhile, will consider the letters you have brought with you.” So saying, Mr. Grant led the way into an old-fashioned parlor, which reminded Kenneth not a little of some he remembered at St. Germain’s. It was rich in two beautiful Indian cabinets, on the tops of which were ranged strange Eastern monsters, and rare old china; the oaken floor was covered only in the centre by a Turkey carpet; and from beneath the tall, slender-legged tables, rose large jars, which exhaled the perfume of a long summer of roses. This was Miss Grant’s favorite sitting-room, and her brother did not venture to take his guests into it without special permission asked and received. Kenneth was then formally introduced to her as Mr. Lucan, just arrived from St. Germain’s; and he observed the quick flush which passed over her faded features as she heard the name of the place which was associated with all her youth held dearest, and all that was still most sacred to her feelings. She soon discovered Kenneth’s connection with Mr. Ross, from which moment he evidently gained great favor in her eyes; and the conversation passed rapidly over his long abode in France, his friends, and his pursuits, until, being somewhat careless himself as to whether his gentle hostess became aware of the object of his visit to Scotland, or not, he perceived without uneasiness that she more than half suspected his parentage; but her abrupt reference to Miss Grizel Morrison was

cut short by the entrance of her brother and Mr. Lindsay.

"You will be surprised, sister," said the former, "to hear that I have accepted Kincaidrum's proposal to make a short journey with him, and with our young friend, to whom he is anxious to show some of the beauties of our northern glens."

"And how long do you mean to be absent?" asked the lady. "Surely you have had rambling enough about those awesome lone places in your day to abide quiet now, like any other dounce man at your time of life. I have heard tell, too, that there are threatenings of a flood through the glens."

"We will aye hope for the best," answered her brother cheerfully; "only do you, Isobel, hasten our dinner hour. I have already sent to Mrs. Lindsay for her husband's valise, and yours, Mr. Lucan, I know is here; so that with stout ponies, and Donald for our man-at-arms, we shall return home—let me see, this is Tuesday—by Saturday at the farthest."

Miss Grant was probably accustomed to peremptory decisions on her brother's part, for she made no further objections; and within three hours of that time Kenneth had the infinite satisfaction of seeing all prepared for a journey which, Mr. Lindsay informed him, would take him amongst some of his father's most faithful friends. The glorious sun of August was shedding its full tide of splendor on the woods and mountain scenery with which Dunkeld is encircled, when they set out on their proposed expedition. Miss Grant, having watched the little cavalcade—consisting of themselves and a couple of servants, well armed with hunting weapons—turn the corner of the street which led from her dwelling, sat down at her desk to console herself for her brother's unwonted taciturnity by inditing a long letter to Gertrude Morrison, containing, amongst other particulars of her domestic history, a full account of the young stranger, with a venture of a surmise as to his errand to the Highlands, which she would willingly have retracted after the epistle had been despatched that same evening.

It was not long before the travellers found themselves at the entrance of the Pass of Killiecrankie; and as Kenneth looked up to the line of naked precipices, with the hanging birchwoods beneath, clothing the terraced sides of the lower hills, he thought no more fitting place could be imagined for those to hide in who sought to escape pursuit or detection.

"How many," he said to Mr. Lindsay, who was riding near him, "have given thanks to God for the mountains during the troubled years that have passed over this poor country!"

"You may well say so," he replied; "there are safe enough corners here, no doubt, to play at hide-and-seek in; but they are not equal to those we shall see to-morrow. I did not 'go out' myself, any more than my friend Grant; but I'll not deny my predilections were in favor of those who did; and many a queer visit have I paid before the affair was well blown over, in the country we are now coming to."

"You have already led me to suppose," said Kenneth, "that I shall soon see some of my father's friends; but surely it is not in concealment that we are to look for them?"

"Scarcely in concealment," answered Mr. Grant from behind; "but the man whom I wish first to speak to on this business leads a life which has exposed him to sundry perils from the magistracy;

and yet I'll not say but that he is an honest man for all that. He is a cattle-dealer, and, as such, has need of more than one lodging amongst the mountains. It is much to his credit that, although he has been suspected many times of disloyal practices, no deed of violence or of fraud has ever been left at his door; and, partly from his skill in keeping out of the way in bad times, partly from his character for general integrity, Ewen Cameron has weathered the storm better than any one of his class; and though he himself is not often met with at fair or mart, his sons carry on business openly, and nothing is heard to his dispraise. We shall find him to-morrow somewhere on the lower hills of Benuarn."

We may not linger on the road pursued by Kenneth and his companions: it was late before they reached the little inn above Clachag, at the northern extremity of Glen Tilt; and, after the fatigues of the day, they easily contented themselves with such refreshments as it offered. Kenneth soon fell asleep, wrapped in his plaid; and the following morning early they were again on their way, fortified with some slices of dried venison and a draught of whiskey. They now left the high road, and struck across the tracts to the east, which Donald, Mr. Grant's favorite servant, was remarkably expert at finding: he was a kinsman of Cameron's, having married one of his daughters, who was now dead, and could generally tell his whereabouts. As they approached Benuarn, Donald hastened on to acquaint his father-in-law with their purpose, and returned in due time with a fine-looking young man, one of Cameron's sons, who delivered a courteous message from him, and led them to a narrow platform some little way up the mountain, where the old man stood ready to welcome them. He was dressed in the Lowland fashion: his snow-white hair formed a singular contrast to his weather-beaten complexion and keen dark eye, and he looked as if he might yet breast many a storm uninjured. He approached Mr. Grant with a friendly salutation in Gaelic, offering at the same time his broad muscular hand, which was cordially accepted.

"We are come, Ewen," said Mr. Grant, "to speak with you on some matters connected with your past history; but I have no doubt your memory will serve easily to recall them."

"You are welcome, Mr. Grant," answered Cameron, "to any information I can give; and you and I have known each other too long not to know what bounds there are to confidence between us."

As he spoke, there was a quick glance towards Kenneth, which was in a moment averted; and he pressed the travellers to accept some refreshments in the bothie he had near at hand. Two or three gillies now made their appearance, to whose care Cameron committed his guests' ponies, and then led them along a narrow path, which seemed to run into the very depths of the mountain. It turned suddenly round a huge boulder-stone, which served as a door to a small ravine, screened at the further end by thickets of alder, birch, and holly, and enclosing a knoll of the softest verdure, on which stood a substantial mountain dairy. Some milch-cows were grazing near it, and the sound of falling waters was heard before they themselves appeared in sight, throwing upwards a shower of foam from the chasm which divided this fairy glen from the opposite heights. The greater part of it was cast into shadow by the overhanging portion of the mountain; but the sunlight fell full on the wooded bank on the other side of the torrent, and on the

masses of blood-red granite which rose above it, affording here and there a footing to some fantastic pine, whose roots scarcely clung to the soil. A table was already spread with abundance of Highland cheer near the bothie, and Cameron's daughters, two rosy-cheeked lasses in holiday attire, waited on the guests.

After a little preliminary conversation, Mr. Grant turned to the subject of his chief interest; but they found Ewen slow to speak of the events connected with the rising of '45. He continued to look from time to time towards Kenneth with evident curiosity, but refrained from asking any direct question concerning him.

"One object of our expedition," observed Mr. Grant, "has been to show our young friend the scenery of these mountains; for he has lived abroad nearly all his life, and it is all new to him."

"He had best take a good walk with one of my long-legged boys," replied Cameron, with a slight expression of incredulity.

"There is nothing I should like better!" exclaimed Kenneth eagerly. "This place recalls a thousand confused recollections of my journey, when a child, through a wild country of heath and wood. I could almost think I knew a cave somewhere along this track, where I slept upon a cloak thrown over the heather, and watched the morning light glimmering through a hole in the roof."

"Eh, sirs!" exclaimed one of the girls, "that must have been our first place here!"

"Peace, Effie!" said her father. "Are you not ashamed of speaking before strangers when none spoke to you?" He fixed his eye more earnestly on Kenneth, and continued—"It must have been an unusual bed to you, sir, or you would not have remembered it so well. Should you recollect the names of any who were with you then?"

"No," replied Kenneth; "with one exception, I remember none."

"And that one was?"

"Janet Maxwell," he answered.

A glow of satisfaction lighted up Ewen's features at the words; but, showing only slight emotion, he rose from the table, and withdrew into the bothie, from whence he speedily returned, with his blue bonnet drawn over his brow, his plaid adjusted in a peculiar manner round him, and his whole appearance altered by the Highland dress he had assumed. Kenneth started to his feet as he approached.

"You were one who sheltered me then!" he cried; "and it was not by your present name I knew you." He put his hand across his eyes. "Smith," he thought; "an English name, not likely; yet I cannot be mistaken."

"James Smith," he said aloud; and Cameron lifted his bonnet from his head, and took Kenneth's hand in both of his, with such reverence as he might have shown to a native prince, saying—"You are the son of Morrison of Dalcairdie. I almost knew it from the time I saw you come up the strath; but I know it now by this token, that Smith was the name I was known by when I lived upon your father's lands, a peaceful man, with wife and bairns about me."

"You have given the proof we wanted," said Mr. Grant, with some huskiness in his voice, but in his most deliberate manner, "of Kenneth Morrison's claim to his father's property. Once more he owes you a great debt; but not so great a one, Kenneth," he continued, "as you have already owed. That man gave up all that was wealth to him, for your father's sake; he could not save his

life; but as he was dragged a bleeding corpse past his door, he saved his body from further insult, and thus at least gained for it Christian burial."

Kenneth covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

"Let the past alone, Grant," said Mr. Lindsay; "we have long known all these things; but they press overhard upon him."

"Nay," said Kenneth, looking up, "I thank you rather for recalling it. Such a scene as you have described, though it makes me feel still more deeply the sacredness of my claim, takes so much of the brightness from the world, that the path before me seems higher and less selfish than it has ever done. If wealth and influence become mine, they shall be used for the welfare of all who have suffered in my father's cause; and first," he added, grasping Cameron's hand, "I will endeavor to show my gratitude to you."

"Speak not of it, Dalcairdie!" said the old man. "My time on earth will have been long enough when I see you in your father's house, and think that I helped to save you for that day."

"We ought now," said Mr. Grant, "to lose no time in proceeding on our journey, for much lies before us that should be done before to-morrow night."

"I'll not let you go down the mountain alone," said Cameron. "My son shall accompany the young laird!"

"Not so!" interrupted Mr. Grant; "the less observation we attract the better, and Donald knows the road as well as themselves."

"Go, then," said Cameron; "it may be you will not have been wholly unlooked for!"

In a few moments more the ravine and its inhabitants, who had received with unbounded joy Cameron's news, were left behind, and the long tract of moor and fell stretched again before our travellers. In the course of the evening they reached a lonely farmhouse, where they rested for the night; and there they heard that some fears had been excited by the rise of the mountain-streams, and other appearances, which betokened an approaching flood. It was not, however, considered to be near at hand, and the alarm had only just risen; so that although the little party determined on pressing forward as quickly as possible the following day, they had no fear of not arriving in safety at their destination. What that might be, Kenneth of course suspected; but as his friends did not explain the route they were taking, he resolved to ask no questions concerning their future movements. There was a thick mist over the face of the whole country when they again set forward; heavy masses of vapor seemed hurrying from the coast towards the inland mountain-ranges; and though, as the morning wore on, the sun now and then gleamed out upon the nearer rocks that bounded their road, or revealed the recesses of some deep birchen glade, it was soon curtained again, and a strange reddish light was spread over the landscape. Through mist and sunshine, passing doubt and exulting anticipation, one sweet face smiled on Kenneth as he drew near his father's home; those earnest, trustful eyes of Marion's seemed to give him assurance that truth would prevail in his cause; the music of her voice blended with all the sounds of nature around him; and he felt as if he was passing over enchanted ground. His friends, when the rugged path they were pursuing permitted them to ride abreast, appeared engrossed by their own conversation; and although

it was occasionally rendered more difficult by the rise of the mountain-streams which crossed it, and obliged them to choose higher and more circuitous ways, they went on a considerable distance without meeting any decided check to their further progress. They had halted at about twelve o'clock to partake of the provisions with which their servants had been provided by Cameron, when Kenneth's attention was arrested by a low, distant sound, resembling the confused hum of a multitude coming towards them from the other side of the hill. He observed almost at the same instant that Donald stole quietly away; and as the rest of the party remained unconcerned, he speedily followed his example, under the pretext of examining a curious group of stones at some little distance; and, after a quarter of an hour's active climbing, he gained a point from which he looked down on the strath into which they were about to descend. Wild and terrible was the scene which lay before him; for onwards, from the north, came the waters which had collected in the Grampian chain, overflowing the rivers fed by those tributary streams, which rise in its hollows, till they now rushed with resistless violence along the valleys; breaking through every embankment, filling up the course of every wintry torrent, and bearing desolation on their way. Below him spread a fertile tract of pasture-ground, which ran up into many defiles formed by the spurs of the mountains, somewhere in whose neighboring recesses he knew that Dalcaldie lay embosomed. He could see through the rain, which now began to descend in sheets, summer bothies swept away from the hill-side, and cattle struggling with the water. Above every other sound rose at intervals the loud cry of human anguish and fear; for close beneath him, nestled down under a firwood which skirted the base of the height on which he stood, lay a small hamlet, two or three houses of which were separated from the rest by a stream, which now rushed past it swollen to a mighty torrent. Had Kenneth followed his first impulse, on beholding this unexpected scene, he would have made all speed to gain the valley, and to give what help he might to its bewildered inhabitants; but, remembering the unprotected situation in which he had left his friends, he determined to return first to them, and to see what shelter could be found from the storm, which was every moment increasing in violence. On regaining the group of stunted oak-trees under which he had left them, he saw them at some distance close to a cottage they had passed on their way; he rapidly explained the scene to which he had been a witness, and begged they would remain in the cabin, while he himself returned to the hamlet. To this they unwillingly agreed, and in another minute he was on his way back.

By the time Kenneth had reached the valley, the danger on all sides had frightfully increased; the river was every moment widening its banks, and had already borne away several cottages, and threatened the rest. The feelings of all were wound up to the highest pitch; but there was a steadfastness of purpose, and a calmness in the energy with which the people worked in removing their goods, and in assisting the oldest and weakest to escape from the most exposed parts of the valley, which told impressively in their favor. Kenneth's eager help was first given to a poor woman whose little habitation was already undermined; her children were safe on a ledge of rock above it; but just as the roof fell in, he helped her to drag from

it a chest containing all the Sabbath clothes of the family; and then he lent his well-nerved arm to an old man, who had been in vain attempting to move it. And when both were placed beyond the reach of the waters, he was just turning towards another group, when a rumbling noise on the opposite side of the channel made all pause at their work; the mist was still so thick that objects at a short distance could only be imperfectly seen, but the old grandfather guessed at once what calamity had taken place.

"There it is at last!" he cried; "mony and mony's the time I have said that bonny homestead stood on slippery ground; the spring behind it was aye rushing strong when the burn was full, and the crack in the rock was widening; but Elspeth wad tak nae heed to my warning; and, to say truth, I had e'en forgot it mysel the day. Archie! Willie!—a' of ye, ye maun just go and help the wee auld bodie; for she'll run a puir chance if she has nae present deliverance."

"Ay," answered one of the young men thus addressed; "but wha is to cross the water? Wi' sic a whirl and a skirling, what boat wad escape being broken to pieces in a minute? Naething human could swim against the tide, and the brig is a guid four miles off."

"Not cross the water!" screamed Menie, the woman Kenneth had been helping, who now ran distractedly towards them. "Is it my ain blood I hear saying that? I tell you Miss Gertrude Morrison is in that place ye are looking on, that is just doomed to fa' to destruction. Robin met her this morning on her black pony going to old Elspeth; she wad fain have had her to go up to the big house long ago, and now she is there keeping her lane wi' death before her!"

"Alas, the puir young leddy!" replied Archie sorrowfully, "that the like of her should perish!"

"She shall not perish!" cried Kenneth impetuously; "tell me, is Dalcaldie so near?"

"On the other side o' the hill yonder," said Archie.

In a moment Kenneth had sprung to the point exactly opposite the falling but, which he could now plainly see; for a sudden gust of wind which had swollen the river with fresh spoils, had also raised the curtain of mist, and he perceived the full extent of the catastrophe. The dwelling had slipped, with a portion of rock to which its walls still adhered, down to the very edge of the river; behind it foamed a water-fall—in front was a mass of ruins; and to these clung a young woman dressed in black, supporting a crouching figure, so small as to appear almost that of a dwarf. As he stood gazing horror-struck on the sight, for human help seemed vain, he heard a voice close to him, in a whisper of agony—"There—there, did you say! my daughter!" He turned, and saw an old man, whom he had seen approach on horseback from the northern extremity of the fir-wood, standing by his side, with such an expression of terror in his face, of unutterable anguish, as he had never before imagined. He knew in a moment that it was Mr. Morrison of Dalcaldie. His ready wit had already suggested the only possible means of escape; for within these few moments more than one desperate attempt had already been made to cross the river; and he saw the boat, which with great difficulty had been launched, whirled round like a nutshell, and broken against the huge fragments of stone which had been swallowed up by the waters. Mr. Morrison (for he it was) seemed to catch a ray

of hope from Kenneth's steady eye and dauntless bearing. "Save her!" he cried; "you are young and bold! What!—do you hesitate! Life—ay, more than a thousand lives, depends upon you!"

"There is a chance," said Kenneth; "a poor one, it may be, but the only one. If I perish, few will grieve for me."

"I tell you," exclaimed the old man, "we know your errand! It was but this morning we heard of it; and it did not keep her from venturing here to persuade that old woman to leave her miserable hut for a place of safety. If my daughter is drowned before my eyes, what will this world be to me? Save her, and take all we have!"

An instant before, Kenneth's soul had been all on fire to attempt a rescue, though he died in the venture. He now drew back with a glance of scorn; but the evil feeling was instantly suppressed, and without one word to tell the strife that rose within his breast, he called on Archie to help him to effect his object. His eye was fixed on a huge pine-tree which had been uprooted at some distance, and was now borne onwards by the current; its branching head, he trusted, might be caught in the mass of rubbish collected round the fallen cottage, and thus it might form something of a raft over part at least of the river. He was not disappointed; and, the moment he saw its progress arrested, he leaped into the tide. For one instant he disappeared under the boiling waters—in another he had clung to the roots of the tree, and raised himself upon it; slowly, half-swimming, half-supporting himself by its stem—now thrown back by the violence of the currents, now again able to give directions to Archie and Donald, he first secured the rope they threw to him, to the tree, and then succeeded in reaching the opposite shore. Gertrude, meanwhile, had roused her companion from her stupor, and placed her among the branches, which afforded a scarcely less solid footing than the crumbling heap on which she had lately stood; and now, as Kenneth approached her, he heard her entreating that the aged woman should be taken over first. The force of the waters threatened every minute to dislodge the head of the pine from its resting place; Kenneth obeyed her, therefore, and succeeded in placing poor Elspeth's light weight in the stalwart arms of Donald, who had followed him by means of the rope.

"Let me go on, sir!" said the brave fellow; "you have done enough; and we'll hand over the poor old body to Archie Bean."

"I have not done my work!" answered Kenneth. "Keep the woman's head above water, and do not let her catch hold of you, and you will carry her safely." He was already on his way back, but it was a more difficult task to afford equal assistance to Gertrude. "Trust yourself to the rope," he said, as he again approached her; "it is your best chance; and do not fear, even if you lose hold of the tree; there are those at hand who would die to save you."

"I trust myself to Heaven and to you!" answered Gertrude; and she resolutely withdrew her arms from the branch to which she had been clinging, keeping hold of the rope which Kenneth fastened round her waist. It was drawn by strong hands and loving hearts from the shore; but he upheld her; he spoke a word of hope and of faith as life seemed departing; he raised her head; and when a tremendous rush, as of a fresh cataract, poured over them, with one arm he held on to the pine-tree, with the other he grasped her firmly.

And when it passed, and the huge trunk floated on, Kenneth, with a last effort, had reached the shore, and Gertrude was restored to her father. He did not see it, for he had fainted.

The morning light was streaming through the half-open curtains in a pleasant room at Dalcairdie when Kenneth again woke to consciousness. How he had come there, whether hours or weeks had passed since the events which he now slowly and dimly remembered, he knew not, nor much cared to comprehend; his first feelings were the pleasant ones of returning health, clouded over by such languor as made it almost too great an effort to consider the probabilities of his situation. The silence around him was broken only by sounds that seemed rather to increase than to disturb the exceeding quiet; such as the singing of birds in the boughs, whose flickering shadows against the wall he had been watching for two or three minutes; the ticking of a watch near his bed; and the turning of the leaves of a book. He drew aside the curtain with unsteady hand, and saw Mr. Morrison reading by the fireside in his dressing-gown and slippers; his worn and furrowed face expressed anxiety indeed, but yet more of patient determination; his forehead was high and narrow, his lips thin and closely compressed. But it was not a countenance to look upon with dislike; and there was a mournful softness in it, as he now laid down his volume, and came to Kenneth's bedside. He gently laid back his head upon the pillow, and took his hand to count his pulse.

"Is she safe, sir?" asked the invalid. "The water was icy cold!"

"You were in it longer than my daughter," replied Mr. Morrison, gazing into his face, and speaking slowly and distinctly, as if to ascertain whether Kenneth understood him. "She is well, and longs to express her thanks to you; but we must keep you quiet at present, and not talk of all you have done for us."

"One word more!" said Kenneth eagerly. "This house—is it yours?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Morrison; "you are at Dalcairdie. Where else should the preserver of my only child have been brought!"

Kenneth turned away his head; but no longer for sleep. In a few minutes more Mr. Lindsay stood by his side with overflowing eyes, and broken exclamations of thankfulness and joy.

"Come," said Mr. Morrison, "we shall be bad nurses now; we must call Gertrude to our help."

"I am here, father," said a low, sweet voice, which had made the music of Kenneth's long dreams; and he took the refreshing draught which she held to his lips with a strange feeling that he had done the same thing often before. "You are our prisoner, Mr. Kenneth," said Gertrude; "and if I give you liberty of speech, you must give me your parole not to use it longer than I approve of."

"You have a right to dictate to me," replied Kenneth, smiling faintly. "I have only a few questions to ask—How I came here without any knowledge of mine?—how long I have been in this strange state of forgetfulness?"

"You were stunned by a blow you received in the river," she answered quietly. "You have been in great danger; but now it is over; and all you require is perfect quiet for a few days to restore you to health."

"And then, my dear boy," continued Mr. Lind-

say, "we will talk of business; not before, remember—not before."

A flush passed over Gertrude's pale cheek at the words. Kenneth perceived it, for she was just arranging his pillows with the readiness of an experienced nurse. And he, too, felt the painfulness of the silence which followed; but his head was so confused, that he knew not how to break it.

"Dr. Selwyn will soon be here," said Mr. Morrison, looking at his watch; "he only left us for a couple of hours." And at the same moment the person named entered the room, and, advancing to Kenneth's bedside, soon made himself thoroughly acquainted with the state of the case. He was a striking-looking man, in the prime of life, with a keen, dark eye that seemed at once to see what he had to do, and a manner which inspired perfect confidence in his judgment—two most important points in the professional career he had so successfully pursued. He decided that Gertrude's recommendation of silence and quiet should first be enforced; but he thought so well of the change which had taken place in his patient's condition, that he assured him his confinement to his room would be of very short duration. "I may safely leave you," he said, "under Miss Morrison's care: if I could secure any like it for all my invalids, they would require much less of mine; you may be sure there is nothing I can do now that can compare with it." And so Gertrude, with the assistance of an elderly servant called Judith, who was as anxious as the rest of the family about the young stranger, continued her attendance upon him; and her manner was so sisterly, and there was such an air of repose about her, that it seemed to impart quiet to his own nerves to feel her near him. He found that Mr. Grant had been suddenly called away the very day after the accident which had so nearly proved fatal to him, by an account of his sister's dangerous illness; and, as Gertrude told him this, he asked eagerly whether Miss Grant had written to her before it came on.

"Yes," answered Gertrude, raising her soft, expressive eyes to his; "she told me of your visit to Dunkeld, and of her suspicions regarding your arrival in this neighborhood. I wish I could think that her anxiety regarding this very letter had had nothing to do with her present state."

"Then you expected me?" said Kenneth, raising himself on his pillow. "Yes, I remember now: you knew that I was coming to claim for myself all you care for most. What a contemptible opinion your father must have formed of me, as I stood by his side on the river-bank, when he offered to give up all for your sake!"

"No, indeed," said Gertrude soothingly. "You do us injustice: whatever your claim may be, neither my father nor myself would desire otherwise than that the most impartial examination should be made of it. What is passed cannot be recalled; but the future. I trust and believe, lies bright and clear before you. Only let health and strength return before we talk over these things, and all will be well."

From that moment the subject was never brought forward by any one near him. He slept and woke in his own old home, the place he had learned to look upon with veneration—to possess which was the object of his most ardent hope: and he recognized nothing, he knew nothing of it, beyond the two rooms in which he lived; and the restraint, as he found himself able to move from one to the other, became unbearable. Mr. Morrison's manner

was cold and courteous, with an occasional gleam of warmer feeling; Gertrude's was ever kind and composed; and as Kenneth drew her into conversation, and learned something more of her past history than Marion Lindsay had told him, he fully appreciated the high and solid principle, the unselfish care for the good of others, and the well-directed exertion, which had won such love and reverence alike from her friends and her dependants. He saw that, to her, life was simply a path of trial, though brightened, indeed, by the gladness she diffused around her, and by the hope that lay calm and full within her; and he thought how many in her circumstances, with little to amuse her fancy and to excite her intellect, and with evidently failing health, would have sunk into indolence and apathy. Was he come, then, to darken that path!—to drive her father and herself forth from their home!—to break up all the work she was so wisely doing! He recoiled in bitterness of spirit from the picture, and felt as if the confidence which all Gertrude's conduct towards him expressed, added to his self-accusations. Yet how tell her anything of this, while, so far as her father was concerned, any right he had to the estate depended solely on a promise made in the agony of despair, and which he earnestly wished might be forever forgotten!

Dr. Selwyn meanwhile brought occasional tidings of the world without. The floods had done terrible mischief through the neighboring straths; but they had now abated, and no lives had been lost; even poor old Elspeth had recovered her terror and her dangers, and only regretted that her cottage could not be rebuilt on its former site. A week had elapsed since Kenneth had become an inmate of Dalcairdie; and from the morning on which he regained his consciousness, his host appeared indefatigable in making arrangements for the comfort and renewed prosperity of his dependants. What conversation passed in his room bore entirely on this subject; but he was constantly interested by the manner in which Dr. Selwyn brought forward Gertrude's views—often expanding them, now and then slightly differing from her opinion, yet always proving very clearly that he remembered all she had ever thought, and knew exactly what she was most likely to wish for. There was a brightness and buoyancy in his spirits, that seemed to bring an atmosphere of health where he came: no wonder that she felt its influence, and smiled almost gayly under it; but her cheerfulness, young as she still was, no more resembled that which Marion Lindsay shed over her home, than the soft, mild light of an autumn day does that which dances over the earth in May.

"Dr. Selwyn," said Gertrude one evening, as she sat working, "was with us through our greatest trials: he attended my brother through his last illness, and did much to comfort my father; he is so firm and determined where firmness is required, that one can always lean upon his opinion; and so kind"—"that one must love him" seemed to hover upon her lips; but she bent her head over her work, and while a feeling of great relief passed over Kenneth's mind, they both remained silent. She might have told more of her reasons for feeling happy in Dr. Selwyn's society, had she been as unreserved as Marion; but she left him to learn by slow degrees how great a share his high religious principles, united with his acknowledged talents, had had in raising her father's hope and aim in life from the objects of mere worldly ambition to those

a Christian may rejoice to live for, even through sorrow or poverty.

On the fourth day of his convalescence, Kenneth could endure this quiet state of things no longer.

"I must breathe the fresh air again," he said to Mr. Lindsay; "the weight of this silence oppresses me like the stillness of death itself!"

"I should have thought," said Morrison in answer, "that the view from these windows might in itself have been interesting enough for your present amusement."

"No," replied Kenneth with feverish impatience; "there is no charm of old acquaintanceship in it."

"I will not affect to misunderstand you," he replied in his low distinct tones; "you wish to see more of Dalcairdie: there is no reasonable objection now, I think, to your being gratified. Gertrude shall drive you in her pony carriage, and Mr. Lindsay and I will accompany you."

"Such an afternoon as this," said Gertrude, "might well tempt us all out, with no other inducement than its own beauty."

"There is no need for hurry, my love," said her father, glancing anxiously towards her as she left the room to prepare for her drive; but in a very few minutes she was ready, and Kenneth, leaning on Mr. Morrison's arm, slowly descended the great staircase. All was different from the faint recollections he had cherished. He crossed a large hall with a few fine pieces of statuary ranged on the marble floor, and some flowering shrubs in the tall windows; the flood of mellow sunshine streamed upon them through the columns of a stately portico; and before him lay a beautiful parklike scene. Was this indeed Dalcairdie? Mr. Morrison observed his bewildered look with a smile, but offered no comment upon it, as they joined Gertrude, who was already seated in her low garden-chair. There was no hurry in her manner; her face was paler and graver than usual, but her large lustrous eyes were lighted up as from the very depths of her soul; and when she spoke, there was a tone of excitement in her low, musical voice, which again she seemed to master by the mere force of her will. The sleek white pony stepped soberly along through a beautiful plantation, which skirted the base of the hill at the foot of which the mansion stood. Beyond it were groups of stately trees, beneath which the cattle lay grouped in the lazy enjoyment of the golden afternoon.

"My father," said Gertrude, "has employed many years in making alterations in this place: the old hall has assumed a Grecian exterior; indeed, so much has been added along the front of the building, that none could recognize it."

"You have made an English park," said Kenneth, "of a Highland tract of moor and wood."

"Do you, then, remember so well what it used to be?" asked Mr. Morrison.

"No," replied Kenneth with some emotion; "I remember nothing here."

"I must take you out of the drive," said Gertrude, "to show you my favorite spot. Do you feel equal to walking with me some way along that path we just see opening now to the left? I perceive Dr. Selwyn coming towards us; he will give you his arm if you find a scrambling walk too much for you."

"Indeed," answered Kenneth gayly, "you do injustice to your own care: there is nothing I should enjoy half so much as a ramble along the hill-side with you."

Here Mr. Lindsay called to him to point out the peculiar beauty of some English cows; and as Kenneth handed Gertrude from the carriage, and then joined Mr. Morrison and himself, they walked back a little way to see them to greater advantage, and Gertrude went on quickly to meet Dr. Selwyn. Their conversation did not reach Kenneth's ear; but when he shook hands with the latter, he observed that it had warmly interested his companion; and now, as she led the way along the steep winding path, his step grew firmer, and the youthful elasticity of his frame returned with every breath he drew. They soon again descended the spur of the hill on the other side, and came to a nook, altogether unlike any portion he had yet seen of Dalcairdie. It was a small dingle traversed by a mountain-stream, which formed a deep clear pool at the foot of a group of old beech-trees. There was a ledge of gray rock opposite, overhung by a rowan thicket, and garlanded with wild flowers, which, with every autumn tint upon the foliage, were reflected in the water; but its chief charm lay in its air of perfect wildness and seclusion.

"We have outstripped Mr. Lindsay and my father," said Gertrude, "but I was impatient to bring you to my own favorite haunt: is it not a fit place to sit down and dream in?"

"So fit a place," answered Kenneth slowly, "that a dream seems to hover round me already—a strangely vivid one." He paused; and the glow that exercise had brought over his cheek faded to a hue of ashy whiteness. His eye was fixed on the opposite bank, but his lips were firmly closed, and Gertrude's countenance expressed the deepest anxiety. She sat down by his side on a fragment of rock, and laid her hand gently on his, and the very touch had a calming influence.

"Speak to me!" she said. "Think of us as your friends; of me as of one who owes life to you, and whom you have saved well nigh by the sacrifice of your own. Tell me what this vision is which affects you so strongly."

Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Morrison stood near them with Dr. Selwyn; but Kenneth was utterly unconscious of their presence as he rose, and, pointing to the gray rock jutting out of the copsewood, answered: "They stood there—two men—for a moment, and a rout of soldiers followed them. Yonder was the way they went; and then all was still, and I was left alone with Janet by the bonnie burnie dub."

"He has told it!" shrieked a voice from the thicket as wild and shrill as the cry of a sea-bird.

Kenneth started in amazement; for in another moment there, where his memory had conjured up the apparition of the fugitives, stood a group of three persons—Mr. Grant, Cameron, and Janet Maxwell; the last throwing her shrivelled hair over her head in a fit of uncontrollable excitement. They had just stepped out of the tangled copse, where, in the deep silence that reigned around, they had been near enough to hear every word that had been spoken. Mr. Lindsay grasped Kenneth's hand, and shook it violently. Mr. Morrison's manner, as he laid his hand upon Gertrude's arm, had the quiet and decision of a resolution that had long been taken. "Kenneth Morrison," he said, "you have been brought into a well-laid snare; but, before the witnesses whom we have here assembled, I pronounce that the test my daughter proposed has fully succeeded, and that your claim is good, and your right to all your father held, unimpeachable. And now, my friends, let us welcome home the

'ong-lost laird!" As he spoke, he took Kenneth's hand in both of his, and his example was rapidly followed by Mr. Grant and Ewen Cameron; but none shook it more cordially than Dr. Selwyn, whose joy on the occasion seemed utterly incompatible with the interest he usually evinced in all that concerned Gertrude.

"I tauld you how it was ordered," whispered Janet, as she crept close up to Kenneth's ear. "The bonnie Snowdrop of Kincaldrum shall bloom at Dalcairdie yet!"

Kenneth could have hugged the old woman on the spot; but, turning from her with a few hearty words of greeting, he said to Mr. Morrison: "I had no distinct recollection of this place, nor had I ever linked the story of Prince Charles with its peculiar features. You know that I remembered nothing in your house—how is it that all are so suddenly satisfied with my imperfect evidence?"

"Not imperfect," said Mr. Morrison. "Gertrude and Dr. Selwyn arranged a plan whereby every difficulty was to be removed; and I must say that, although it was somewhat too theatrical for my taste, I think it could not have been better, judging from the results."

"We are all satisfied," said Mr. Grant. "I consider the chain of evidence perfect in every part."

"Evidence!" cried Janet, breaking in upon the lawyer's argument; "is that the name ye ca' what gives Kenneth Morrison a right till his ain? Ye have a' known what I tauld ye. Mr. Lindsay, and the doctor, and a' ken weel that he ca'd it the bonnie burnie dub when he was a wee bit bairn by my side; and so he has named it now in the broad sunshine, as I prayed and believed he wad."

"Gently, my good woman," resumed Mr. Grant; "that is precisely what I was going to say. Your account, coupled with your kinsman Cameron's and with Lady Lucan's, left little ground for legal objection; but to remove any feeling on Kenneth's part, that a promise made in a father's bitterest sorrow formed the motive of Mr. Morrison's very handsome conduct, Miss Morrison herself sent for old Janet, and devised from her story such a test as all parties might consider final."

"Let me, then, now congratulate the Laird of Dalcairdie on his restoration to his family honors, and wish him, with all my heart, long life and happiness!"

As Gertrude spoke, Kenneth raised the soft, white hand she gave him to his lips; but Mr. Lindsay cried out, "Her cheek, man!—her cheek! You forget you are cousins!" And, acting on the words, he kissed her as he would have done a beloved elder sister.

"All that I have hitherto lived for," he said, "is now attained. Your father and yourself have done far more for this place and its people than any one else could have done through the years of my boyhood. If Janet had never framed her plan of concealment, no better arrangements could have been made for my welfare than have been carried into effect; and now, if you will once more receive me for a few days as your guest, you shall see that I am not ungrateful."

And the whole party returned to the Hall, of which Kenneth was now undisputed master, with feelings more easily imagined than described. His were sobered, in their first passionate rush, by the earnestness of his purpose to secure Gertrude and her father from whatever pain it might be in his power to spare them. He had wonderfully recov-

ered his strength during the last half hour, and now he seemed to drink in health and elasticity of spirit with every breath of his native air. As the long lines of the house came again in sight, Mr. Morrison pointed out to him the older portion of the building, which rose in a heavy but not picturesque mass behind them. The richest ivy mantled round the high chimneys and over the turrets, which were once the pride of the country-side; and the group of stately cedars which he remembered, threw their dark shadows along the Grecian colonnade. It was a strange harmony of the past and present.

"Little, indeed," said Kenneth, "of all this wealth and beauty belonged to my father; nor can I consider myself for a moment entitled to any part of what is most justly yours."

"No," replied Mr. Morrison, with a smile of peculiar meaning playing over his thin, expressive features; "I do not intend to burthen your young and generous spirit with a sense of obligations you cannot repay; we will leave our good friends, Grant and Kincaldrum, to settle what is yours and what is mine; but as we become better acquainted, you shall learn the reasons which induced me to lay out large sums of money on this estate, and to build so extensively that, in fact, the house in which you were born is now scarcely inhabited. We are, indeed, become few to live here."

That evening, which all principally interested in the events of the day seemed equally anxious should draw to a close, was ended by prayers read by Mr. Morrison, according to the form of the Episcopal Church, in the oratory or small chapel attached to the house. It was a short but a most solemn service; and though many eager, and not a few reproachful, glances were directed towards Kenneth, when first he entered and took his place with the rest of the family, there were none that did not sink reverently before Mr. Morrison's clear eye and noble manner, when, prayers being over, he in a few and simple words introduced him to his household as the Laird of Dalcairdie.

"Not willingly have I done this wrong," he said, "in keeping back the inheritance of the orphan; and yet, God knows! most joyfully do I now restore it fourfold. A kind and open-handed master I am sure I shall leave in my place; but those who wish it may follow my daughter and myself to the Grange, where we intend soon to take up our abode."

There was a fervent "Amen," as Mr. Morrison ended, from Janet, who sat in one corner, half hidden by a pillar from sight, with her glittering eyes fixed upon Kenneth, and her whole soul apparently absorbed in the feeling of his presence. Thereupon ensued a startled look among the servants, and a half-suppressed movement towards the door, as if some supernatural sight had been expected; but nothing more awful followed than that Ewen Cameron, who had been standing by Janet, stepped respectfully forwards, and, addressing Mr. Morrison, he said: "If I might speak in sic a solemn place, I also would fain say one word, and ask pardon from you, sir, whom I have hated many is the year with a sore hatred; and for an unchristian act, I fear me now, that I have done!"

"Speak boldly, my friend," replied Mr. Morrison; "a faithful servant such as you have been shall never want honor from me. So far as I know, we have not met before this day, unless, indeed, it has been in the dark, and under circumstances which

a brave man should never have placed himself in. I would rather," continued he with a tone of authority, "that our conversation should be in private."

"As you please, sir," answered Ewen, carelessly; "but I would have you remember that I was the laird's foster-brother, and not his servant, and that the honor of a gentleman may sometimes consist with skulking in times like those that are past."

"We will not prolong the subject," replied Mr. Morrison, still standing near the lectern at which he had read. "This is not an hour or a place suited to it; but to-morrow, in the laird's study, we will enter into it as fully as you please, and in the mean time most cordially do I give any pardon you may think it needful to ask." So saying, Mr. Morrison slightly inclined his head to the assembled household; and, with many blank looks of disappointment, they slowly withdrew without another word being spoken, excepting a low mutter from Janet, to the effect that a Southron could no more change his nature than a leopard his spots.

As they left the oratory, Gertrude said to Kenneth, with a degree of bashfulness that added to the softness of her manner, in itself always so composed and dignified: "I cannot yet give up my charge of you, and must positively enjoin more rest upon you to-morrow than I imagine you will be inclined to allow yourself. I shall be ready, however, to walk with you if you wish it early, and to show you all that we have done during the years we have lived here. We may find that your memory serves you even better than you are now aware of."

"I am your guest, if no longer your prisoner," replied Kenneth gayly; "and could not wish for greater pleasure than to obey your commands."

"Always adhere to those words, my dear fellow," said Mr. Grant to him as they directly afterwards parted for the night at Kenneth's door. "Gertrude Morrison lays her command upon us all to love her, and serve her well, even without saying a word; and who should have better opportunities of knowing her worth than yourself? Come, come! a pleasanter arrangement may be made yet than her betaking herself for the rest of her life to the Grange, which is but a dull old place compared to this; though her father, with his great English fortune, and his taste for Grecian architecture, may make it habitable for himself."

"She would do any man honor by becoming his wife," replied Kenneth gravely. "Have you not observed that Dr. Selwyn thinks so too?"

"Whew! sits the wind in that quarter?" answered the old lawyer, shrugging his shoulders. "There is no accounting for a woman's taste, though she be the wisest of her sex; but there may be a remedy."

"Pray, do not undertake to find one on my account," said Kenneth, unable to suppress his amusement at the sudden destruction of Mr. Grant's airy castle, and his evident annoyance thereat. "My own plan, so far as I have formed any, is to return almost immediately to France, for an indefinite time, so as to allow Mr. Morrison and his daughter to arrange theirs without the slightest interruption from my presence."

"And leave Kincaldrum and myself to look after your interests? Well, you will not be so far wrong, in that respect, for you are over-young to care much for them yourself."

That night Kenneth wandered in dreams with

Marion Lindsay through the woods and by the burn at Dalcairdie; and when he woke, and the bright sunshine brought him back to the realities of life, they seemed scarcely less delightful than his sleeping fancies. He found the family at breakfast when he left his apartment; and as soon as the meal was over he reminded Gertrude of her promise. They went out together, and she led the way round the cedars, through a wicket, which admitted them into a garden, laid out in the formal French taste, under the gray walls of the old hall; and in a moment they had passed into so different a scene from the one which by this time had become most familiar to Kenneth, that it seemed scarcely possible so slight a boundary should have divided them from it. There was, however, no air of desolation round them; the place simply looked as if a spell had fallen upon it, in all its summer beauty, twenty years before, and no mortal had trodden there since. The pears were ripening round a low bay-window, which opened nearly to the ground, amongst large clusters of red roses, and a profusion of trailing flowers fell from the stone vases with which the terrace was adorned; the parterre beneath was as gay as if fairy fingers had tended it; the sound of "the golden bees" was heard; and now and then the notes of birds from the thick branches of the trees which spread over the low outer-wall. Even the little Triton, who was blowing his conch-shell in the fountain in the centre of the garden, threw a bright shower of water into the stilly air.

"My mother's garden!" said Kenneth almost in a whisper. "How beautiful it is!"

"Yes," said Gertrude, "we have cherished it for her sake. My sisters and myself tried to keep every plant, and even to sow again every flower we found here. It had all the charm of mystery to us, for we scarcely allowed any one to come here but ourselves; and as we grew older there was a strange superstition attached to the place, which, while it determined my father to close the old rooms by degrees, because he feared its effect on our spirits, only made us the fonder of this garden, where no ghost was supposed to lurk, or at least not in the daytime."

"What appearance," asked Kenneth eagerly, "was ever seen here?"

"One," replied Gertrude, "which I imagine will not be very long unexplained; it was that of a tall Highlander in the prohibited plaid, and full accoutrements of the northern clans. There had been rumors more than once among the servants of mysterious footsteps, and of a shadowy form, which glided through rooms which were safely locked, and passages of which every outlet was known; but we attended little to them till about the time of the death of my eldest brother, when my father, sitting alone late in the evening in that bay-windowed room, which is still called the Laird's Study, was startled by the appearance of an armed Highlander, who suddenly stepped before him, with finger pointing in the direction of the room in which our poor Edward lay, and in a whisper bid him seek for the rightful heir of Dalcairdie. My father was the last man in the world to believe in the supernatural character of his visitor; but although he instantly rose, the figure managed to elude his grasp, and, strange to say, disappeared, as if it had sunk through the earth. From that time we have seldom been disturbed, but the servants have more than once assured us the place was haunted: and certainly unaccountable noises have been heard,

which, echoing through the long-deserted rooms, have not been without their effect upon our nerves."

"You remember Ewen Cameron's confession last night?" said Kenneth. "My own conviction is, that during the years in which he was obliged to seek safety in concealment, he found his knowledge of the intricacies of this old dwelling his best chance of insuring it; you may depend upon it, he was the mysterious personage who drove you from these apartments."

"I can scarcely say he did that," said Gertrude, smiling sadly. "My father found constant employment and amusement in building; for a long time he trusted that it was for his son; and then, when that hope failed, he still liked the work he had done himself better than that of his predecessors. But my delight has always been here." She checked herself, as if she feared to say too much of her love for the place she was so soon about to leave; and at the same moment the casement of the bay-window was thrown up, and Mr. Morrison and Cameron appeared at it. The story of the nocturnal visitant had been told exactly as Kenneth had predicted it would be, but Gertrude and himself heard now with deeper interest than ever the tale of the escape of those fugitives whom Alexander Morrison had died to save.

"Here," said Ewen Cameron, addressing them as they stood in the small panelled room, lined with bookshelves, to which he had retired to write his last letter—"here is the passage by which, I make no doubt, the laird led them forth to the fir-wood; and by which I found my way easily into the house whenever I had a mind to get a quiet night's lodging." As he spoke, he touched a spring, which instantly opened a trap-door, so artfully contrived in the massive mouldings of the wall that no human being could have discovered it. "There are many such hiding-places as this," he continued, "in the old houses in Scotland; I could tell you many a prank that has been played among them you would scarcely believe; but sorry I am that ever I should have caused alarm to those who have behaved so handsomely as you, sir, and as you, gentle lady, have done now; for all that my heart is big with joy that our lost laird is come back to his own."

"And most cordially do we rejoice with you," said Mr. Morrison firmly. "Now, Kenneth, let us ride down to the glen, and see what can be done to repair more completely the devastation caused by

the flood; Dr. Selwyn is to meet us there. Gertrude, will you be of the party?"

It was towards the end of October, when a promise of prosperity was again smiling through the valley, that Gertrude and Marion Lindsay, who, with her parents, had arrived on the preceding evening at Dalcairdie, were passing together through a small churchyard not very far from the house. It lay around a gray tower, whose spire showed that it had once formed part of a church, the ruins of which might still be seen shrouded with ivy. The friends paused by a tomb half raised above the heather, which bore the names of Alexander Morrison and of Margaret his wife. "How often I have felt," said Gertrude, "as if, from this lonely grave, sad voices reproached us for possessing wealth not justly ours! It was only an overstrung fancy working upon a sorely-tried heart, I know; yet the eyes of that poor murdered mother have seemed fixed upon me while I sat night after night by the side of my dying brothers, as though they asked me what had become of her child! You may now imagine something of the relief it was to me when all was made clear!"

"Surely, dear Gertrude," replied Marion, "no blame ever rested upon you or yours; and your father has acted so nobly!"

"Say justly rather," answered Gertrude: "Kenneth alone has had a right to be generous."

His praises brought a bright blush to Marion's cheek, as she said—"I am so glad you are to be married from your old home! But tell me how it was, that, having known Dr. Selwyn so long, you never thought of this before?"

"It may have been thought of," said Gertrude, in her turn blushing; "but perhaps he never would have spoken if he had not seen me poorer than I was, and believed we wanted a home. But we shall not live far off, Marion. When the church-bells ring out their welcome to the lost laird and his bride, we shall hear them by our Christmas fireside. My father feels already that sons are given to him again in Charles Selwyn and in Kenneth Morrison."

"And I, who never knew a sister, have found one in you, dear Gertrude! Oh, how often good may come out of seeming evil, if only we have trust in one another!"

CAPTURE OF A SEA-COW.—Messrs. Clark and Burnham lately succeeded in capturing a sea-cow, near Jupiter Inlet, Florida. The animal was caught in a net, was a male, and nine feet three inches in length. They succeeded in taking it alive, and shipped it to Charleston for exhibiting it. It was very wild when first captured, but soon became quite tame, and ate freely of grass, &c. Its tail is in the shape of a fan, and is two feet five inches broad. It has no hind-feet; its fore-feet are similar to those of a turtle, and it has nails like those of the human hand, but no claws. Its mouth and nose resemble those of a cow; it has teeth on the lower jaw, but none on the upper. A female was also taken; but it was so large, and, becoming entangled in the net, made such desperate exertions to escape, that the captors were compelled to shoot it. They preserved the skin, however, which is fifteen feet long. This is the second instance (says the "Havannah News") within our knowledge that the sea-cow has been captured. Some years ago, during the Florida war, Colonel Harney shot two of them in the Everglades. He preserved the hides, and they were exhibited in St. Augustine as a great curiosity. We saw a rib of one

of the animals yesterday in possession of a gentleman of this city, to whom it was presented by Colonel Harney. He informed us that he had partaken of the flesh, and pronounced it remarkably tender and palatable, and far superior to beef.

REPRODUCTION OF LIMBS IN THE HUMAN SUBJECT.—Dr. Simpson, in a paper read to the British Association, has shown that the power of reproducing and repairing lost parts is greatest in the lowest class of animals, and decreases as we ascend higher and higher in the scale of animal life. He then points out that the embryo approaches in this, as in other respects, the physiological life and powers of the lower animals; and, consequently, when the arm or leg is amputated during embryonic existence, as not unfrequently happens from bands of coagulable lymph, and the results of disease, the stump structures reproduce a small rudimentary hand or foot, as the crab or lizard does. He showed various casts and drawings of cases of hands thus reproduced; and two living examples were exhibited.

From the Bristol Times.

THE DUKE AND THE SPARROWS.

PRINCE ALBERT pushed his cutlet and tomato sauce from before him, and rose up from the breakfast table, apparently too troubled in spirit to eat.

Her majesty noticed the act, and inquired the cause. "Those confounded sparrows!" cried the prince with great distress—"we can't get them out."

"Oh, sit down and eat your breakfast," interposed her majesty, soothingly; "and I'll write an order to the Horse Guards, to send up a whole regiment of the line to shoot them."

The prince groaned out, "Oh, no; the cure would be worse than the disease—they'd break all the glass."

The queen saw and felt for his distress. "I never liked the Exhibition," she thought, "but it is his hobby, and I must not let these stupid little sparrows make him unhappy." So she sat down at the escritoire, and, taking up a gold pen, wrote a notice at once to the premier, requiring his attendance at Buckingham Palace. As the royal messenger was seen dashing at top speed into Chesham-place, people said 't was another crisis, but 't was n't.

"What's the matter, your majesty?" cried the premier, making his appearance, pale and out of breath.

"The sparrows," said her majesty, "in the Crystal Palace." And as she spoke she nodded her head to Prince Albert, who was walking about at the upper part of the room, and striking his forehead, and minding no one, his mind being occupied with the one sad thought.

"You know we can't shoot them, Lord John," observed her majesty, "or I'd soon silence them with a park of artillery."

"No, your majesty," mused the first lord of the treasury, biting his nails; and after a pause, he added, "We might net them."

The queen clapped her hands in glee. "Albert, Albert," she exclaimed, "don't fret—Lord John has found a remedy—we'll net them."

"Nonsense," retorted the Prince Consort, rather gruffly and ungratefully, "you can't—the place is too large."

Her majesty's face fell at once, as she mournfully repeated her consort's words, "'t is too large, John—think again." Lord John bit his nails, and thought again. "I have it," said he, after a longer meditation than before.

The queen's eyes sparkled. "Have you?" cried she, in ecstasy. "What, Lord John—do please say what at once."

"Fumigate the place—smother them with sulphur."

"Capital!" cried the queen. "Albert, Albert," she shouted out once more, "we have it this time—we'll smother them."

"Can't," retorted Saxe Gotha and Coburg. "I thought of that myself—but 't won't do. Stink all the goods, and spoil them."

The queen looked miserable once more, and begged of her prime minister to think again, but he could n't, and left the palace.

The Bishop of London now called by chance, and her majesty at once consulted him. Blomfield was always a courtier; he looked wise, vowed his service over and over, and said "he'd go home, and look at the canons of the church."

"Don't mind it," interposed her majesty; "your canons always make a dreadful noise, but make no effect."

Still Prince Albert kept pacing up and down and groaning out ejaculations from time to time about these confounded sparrows; and every groan sent a pang to her majesty's heart. "I have determined," she exclaimed, "I'll send for the Duke."

Another letter and another courier to bear it to Apsley House. The royal missive run thus:—

"My dear Duke—Do come at once; my kind and

true friend in every emergency. Albert is in sad taking about these horrid sparrows that have got into the Exhibition building. You can do everything; you can help us to get them out. Ever yours, V. R."

The Duke was standing at the window when the royal messenger alighted at the door. He knew the man by his livery. "Humph!" cried he, "I hope Russell is not again in one of his resignation fits." He took the letter off the silver dish, and opened it. He seemed annoyed, and immediately sat down in a pet to write.

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his loyal duty to his sovereign. F. M. the Duke of Wellington is commander-in-chief of her majesty's land forces, and as such thinks the service upon which he is summoned out of his province. F. M. the Duke of Wellington is not a bird-catcher. F. M. the Duke of Wellington understands there are several following this line of life in the neighborhood of the Seven Dials, to whom, if it be her majesty's pleasure, he will make known the royal request. F. M. the Duke of Wellington has had considerable experience in capturing French eagles, but none in taking English sparrows."

His grace read the note—gave a grim smile, then repented, tore it, and ordering his horse, said he would be at Buckingham Palace in twenty minutes.

The prince was still walking about restless, when the duke arrived.

The queen and the prince all but jumped into his arms, and reminded him of *Quatre Bras*.

"Oh, last and best resort of difficulty and danger! what do you suggest?" ejaculated the sovereign.

"A SPARROW HAWK," said the duke bowing.

"Oh, ever fertile in resources!" exclaimed the prince; "to place a difficulty before you is to have a remedy. We'll have the sparrow hawks," he added.

"We will," said the queen; and an extensive order for sparrow hawks was immediately issued.

In the mean time the twittering colony in the Crystal Palace were not unconscious of what was taking place at its Buckingham neighbor, and had a couple of messengers of their own flying between the "two houses," bearing hourly intelligence of the consultations held for turning them out of office. Thus when Lord John Russell was with her majesty, a clever, sharp-eared young sparrow alighted on the sill of the window outside, and overheard the whole of the conversation. As soon as the premier departed, master sparrow was back again, and, gliding in through one of the ventilators, was soon telling the whole story to a council of veteran twitterers assembled in one of the highest branches. The council was presided over by a grey-headed old sparrow, the Nestor of the many flocks that flitted about the Crystal Palace.

When the young sparrow had told all that Lord John had said, "Pshaw!" cried the president of the council. "Net us! and we forsooth are fools enough to go into the nets, while we have plenty of room to avoid them—Lord John has seen his best days. Unless they can get a wiser counsellor than that, we'll bother Prince Albert and his brother commissioners, and break up their boasted exhibition;" and all these sparrows laughed and twittered, and provoked the commissioners, who happened to be underneath, and who cried out with more vehemence than ever, "Hang these sparrows!" Another messenger sparrow flew in amongst the feathered council—"The Bishop of London has just left her majesty, and is going to eject us by canon law." A provokingly mirthful outburst of twitterings followed this announcement.

"The Bishop of London has enough to do to mind his own business," said the veteran sparrow. "Let him first get some strange birds out of his own diocese, and then come to disturb us. But he had better not throw stones at us—ours is not the only palace made of glass. I think we need not make ourselves uneasy, but go on building our nests." "We need n't," cried all the sparrows from all the branches, "we'll stay where we are."

"The Duke is sent for," exclaimed another messenger sparrow, making his appearance, with some sign of trepidation.

"The Duke!" repeated they; but there was no banter in their twitter now.

But the president of the sparrows' council still put a bold face on the matter, and said, in a boastful tone, "The Duke would find he had not a Napoleon to deal with this time;" nevertheless the sparrows were noticed not to go on as busily with their nest-building as before, when a fourth messenger flew in, and said he had just overheard the Duke suggest "a sparrow-hawk." "Then I'm off," exclaimed the veteran president of the council, popping out through a ventilator. "That horrid old Duke—I was afraid he would hit upon an expedient."

From Fraser's Magazine.

MOOLTAN.

A company of Moolraj's Muzubees, or outcasts turned Sikhs, led on the mob. It was an appalling sight; and Sirdar Khan Sing begged of Mr. Agnew to be allowed to wave a sheet and sue for mercy. Weak in body from loss of blood, Agnew's heart failed him not. He replied, "The time for mercy is gone; let none be asked for. They can kill us two if they like, but we are not the last of the English; *thousands of Englishmen will come down here when we are gone, and annihilate Moolraj, and his soldiers, and his fort!*" The crowd now rushed in with horrible shouts; made Khan Sing prisoner, and pushing aside the servants with the butts of their muskets, surrounded the two wounded officers. Lieutenant Anderson, from the first, had been too much wounded even to move; and now Mr. Agnew was sitting by his bedside, holding his hand, and talking in English. Doubtless, they were bidding each other farewell for time. * * * Anderson was hacked to death with swords, and afterwards the two bodies were dragged outside, and slashed and insulted by the crowd, then left all night under the sky.—*MAJOR EDWARDES' Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. ii., p. 58.

The besieging army did not march away to other fields without performing its melancholy duty to the memory of Agnew and Anderson. The bodies of those officers were carefully—I may say affectionately—removed from the careless grave where they lay side by side; and wrapped in Cashmere shawls, (with a vain but natural desire to obliterate all traces of neglect,) were borne by the soldiers of the 1st Bombay Fusiliers (Anderson's own regiment) to an honored resting-place on the summit of Moolraj's citadel. By what way borne? Through the gate where they had been first assaulted? Oh, no! through the broad and sloping breach, which had been made by the British guns in the walls of the rebellious fortress of Mooltan.—*The Same*, p. 588.

BEAR them gently, bear them duly up the broad and sloping breach
Of this torn and shattered city, till their resting place they reach.

In the costly cashmeres folded, on the stronghold's topmost crown,
In the place of foremost honor, lay these noble relics down.

Here repose, for this is meetest, ye who here breathed out your life,
Ah! in no triumphant battle, but beneath the assassin's knife.

Hither bearing England's message, bringing England's just command,
Under England'segis, came ye to the chieftain of the land:

In these streets beset and wounded, hardly borne with life away,
Faint, and bleeding, and forsaken, in your helplessness ye lay.

But the wolves that once have tasted blood, will ravin still for more;
From the infuriate city rises high the wild and savage roar.

Near and nearer grows the tumult of the gathering murderous crew;
Tremble round those helpless couches an unarmed but faithful few:

"Profitless is all resistance; let us then this white flag wave,
Ere it be too late, disdain not mercy at their hands to crave."

But to no unworthy pleading would descend that noble twain:

"Nay, for mercy sue not; ask not what to ask from these were vain.

"We are two, betrayed and lonely; human help or hope is none;
Yet, oh friends, be sure that England owns besides us many a son.

"They may slay us; in our places multitudes will here be found,
Who will hurl this guilty city with its murderers to the ground.

"Yea, who stone by stone would tear it from its deep foundations strong,
Rather than to leave unpunished them that wrought this bloody wrong."

Other words they changed between them, which none else could understand,
Accents of our native English, brothers grasping hand in hand.

So they died, the gallant-hearted, so from earth their spirits past,
Uttering words of lofty comfort each to each unto the last;

And we heeded, but little heeded their true spirits far away,
All of wrong and coward outrage, heaped on the unfeeling clay.

—Lo! a few short moons have vanished, and the promised ones appear,
England's pledged and promised thousands, England's multitudes are here.

Flame around the blood-stained ramparts the swift messengers of death.
Girdling with a fiery girdle, blasting with a fiery breath;

Ceasing not, till choked with corpses low is laid the murderers' hold,
And in his last lair the tiger toils of righteous wrath enfold.

Well, oh well—ye have not failed them who on England's truth relied,
Who on England's name and honor did in that dread hour confide:

Now one last dear duty render to the faithful and the brave,
What they left of earth behind them rescuing for a worthier grave.

Oh then bear them, hosts of England, up the broad and sloping breach
Of this torn and shattered city, till their resting place they reach.

In the costly cashmeres folded, on the ramparts' topmost crown,
In the place of foremost honor, lay these noble relics down.

R. C. T.

From the Spectator, 3 May.

THE EXHIBITION.

QUEEN VICTORIA has inaugurated the Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations, by opening the great building in Hyde Park on the promised day—Thursday the 1st of May; and it is scarcely a figure of speech to say that "all the world" was present at the ceremony. Of the Londoners themselves, nearly every one was there who could ride or walk; of the provincials, a vast influx had streamed up by the railway lines; and the first waves of the great flood of Continental visitors had already broken on our shores. It is believed that half a million of people were massed in Hyde Park at about the hour of noon, when the queen drove from the palace. The line of visitors' carriages, of all descriptions, reached westwards from the entrance-gates of the Park through Kensington towards Hammersmith, and eastwards to Long Acre; it thronged also the collateral streets; if it had been extended in single file it would have reached nearly twenty miles. Upon the whole, the day was beautiful; one passing shower, which fell shortly before the queen made her appearance, served but to lay the dust, and to give a fresher brilliancy to the sun-warmed air. It was in all respects a delightful holiday to the people.

The queen left Buckingham Palace at twenty minutes before twelve; attended by a suite, but not with the slowness of a state procession. Nine carriages and pairs conveyed the queen, with her husband and two elder children, several royal guests, and those who attended, up Constitution Hill, and along Rotten Row, to the northern entrance of the Crystal Palace. The way was kept by a small party of Life Guards and a large body of police: the royal party swept by with a rapidity that took the multitude somewhat by surprise. The loyal cheers, therefore, were not properly prepared, and were vented with less energy and unity than has sometimes been heard. At the entrance to the building, however, the manifestations were more ready and general, and were given with unmistakable enthusiasm.

The queen entered the building at about twelve; and her arrival was signalled by a flourish of trumpets to the thousands inside who had been waiting some hours to witness the inaugural ceremony.

We have from time to time given indications of the progress made in completing the building and arranging its cosmopolitan contents. All these arrangements were finished by the afternoon of Wednesday; or rather, all further preparation by the exhibitors was then stopped, and whatever was not then done was left undone. Colonel Reid introduced a body of infantry and police in the afternoon of that day, who commenced at the West end and gradually cleared the building to the opposite end of every exhibitor or person not occupied with the immediate arrangements for next day's proceedings. There was much disappointment at the necessity for leaving off before the finishing-touches were imparted; but obedience was enforced, and the building was given over exclusively to Messrs. Fox and Henderson for the final arrangements. These proceeded through the night, and by eight o'clock on Thursday morning they were completed. The centre of the transept and the approach from the north had been covered with red cloth. The route of the interior procession had matting made of cocoa-nut fibre laid down over its entire length. Precautions had been taken to keep off the pressure

of the crowd. The seats for ladies below and in the galleries were arranged. A robing-room, tastefully decorated, was run up with magical speed by Messrs. Jackson and Graham; and the same firm also erected over the throne, at a height of thirty feet, a silken canopy, the magnificence and effect of which formed a subject of general admiration.

At eight o'clock, when we entered the interior, (says the reporter of the *Times*,) everything was in order. A profound stillness reigned over the vast area; and the eye rested with delight upon that charming variety of colors and those harmonious proportions which give to this palace of industry so remarkable and fairylike a character. The public had not yet been admitted; and the members and officers of the Executive, the contractors and their leading assistants, were, besides a few policemen and a stray red-coated Sapper, the only occupants of the building. During the short hour of calm and quiet which succeeded, we made a hurried survey of the interior, to ascertain how far things were in order, how each foreign country presented itself at the nave in honor of the occasion, and how the different sections of our native industry that line the centre aisle on either side were arranged for this royal opening. The survey was, on the whole, most satisfactory. Our own half of the building was thoroughly well-arranged; and if some of the foreign compartments were behind-hand, they had managed to neutralize the injury to the coup d'œil thus arising in the most skilful manner. No general ever covered a desperate retreat with more tact, for none but a practised eye could detect where the confusion existed.

At nine o'clock the doors were opened to the holders of season-tickets.

They burst like great pent-up tides into the building, and for a time swept everything before them. The placid calm of the interior—the decorative triumphs of Owen Jones—the ethereal lightness of construction—the mathematical proportions—the long rows of columns—the sweep of the galleries—the endless varieties of attractive objects collected in the nave—all these matters, which one had time before to ponder over and admire, now disappeared as if by the wave of an enchanter's wand; and in their stead was only to be seen a rushing stream of spectators, mad with excitement, and desperately bent on getting the best possible seats. The crowd kept flowing in, for more than an hour, in such dense columns that temporary barriers, placed by the Executive Committee to protect the space round the throne, were in part swept away, and the entire space of the nave seemed to be permanently in possession of the spectators. Gentlemen might be seen distracted about places for their wives and daughters; who added to their excitement by asking explanations of police-passes which could not be explained, and by urgent entreaties to take up positions which were clearly not tenable. The longest lane has a turning, however, and the greatest confusion, with temper and management, soon subsides. About ten o'clock, the police, materially assisted by the sappers, succeeded in establishing order. Spectators gradually took up their places, and every proper and reasonable facility was afforded for the royal progress round the nave of the building.

At about half-past ten, the appearance of notabilities in the crowd began to excite attention. The Duke of Wellington was seen in the north-eastern gallery of the transept close to the angle formed by the meeting of the nave and the transept; he was looking extremely well in the face, and was conversing with his accustomed gallantry of manner to a numerous circle of beautiful ladies grouped

around him. As soon as he was noticed, the customary tribute of applause was rendered; and then immediately a further and more hearty demonstration was made, as it was remembered that on that very day—the first of May—the old warrior had completed his eighty-second year. In a short time he descended to the area below; and was seen chatting with the Marquis of Anglesea and with Mr. Paxton. Mr. Cobden was introduced to him by Mr. Fox Maule. While Field-Marshal the Commander-in-chief and the President of the Peace Congress were conversing, a buttoned Chinese Mandarin, arrayed in the quaint and magnificent costume of his country, approached, caught the duke's eye, made him a profound salaam, and held out his hand for an English salute. The duke gave his hand—apparently uncertain to whom. The unknown celestial then repeated his obeisance to the Marquis of Anglesea, and received a courteous acknowledgment. It proved that he was the Mandarin Hsing, of the royal Chinese junk now anchored in the Thames for the inspection of the English. Hsing attracted the attention of the queen, and at her request was subsequently placed in a distinguished position in the royal procession.

It will be recollected that the plan of the building resembles a great cathedral cross; consisting of a nave with four parallel aisles, and the celebrated transept enclosing under its vast height some of the noble elms of the Park. The point where the nave and transept intersect each other is occupied by an extremely beautiful crystal fountain. North of this central point were arranged the throne, the seats reserved for the ministers, officers of state, and foreign exhibitors who took part in the procession. In advance of the fountain southwards, was ranged a semicircle of seats, occupied, like the front rows of seats throughout the building, by the lady members of the parties in which the visitors arrived. Behind this semicircle, receding to the southern extremity of the transept, was packed the general mass of spectators; and a similar dense mass lined each margin of the nave, both on the ground and along the galleries. The great variety of uniforms and costumes worn by the assemblage collected in the space around the throne, and the remarkable manner in which the proportions and decorative arrangements of the building brought out their position, rendered the spectacle which the north side of the transept presented a very imposing one. The appearance of the human masses elsewhere was less picturesque in point of general form and coloring, but the individual beauty presented to the eye was a very striking feature; we never before saw so great a proportion of eminently beautiful women.

Seated apart from the throng, and accompanied by his chaplains, was the Archbishop of Canterbury; and, not far off, the Bishop of Winchester, who, in the absence of the Bishop of London, appeared as senior suffragan of the province. The lord chancellor was also conspicuous in the assemblage; and our civic dignitaries, in their flaunting scarlet robes, enjoyed their full share of public attention.

A chair selected from the Indian collection, and over which a magnificent crimson velvet elephant cloth, richly brocaded, was placed as a covering, served as a throne.

The queen, on entering the building, repaired to the robing-room. She appeared shortly, with Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and her attendants; passed through the

beautiful iron gates erected by the Colebrook Dale Company, and took her place on the throne. A most enthusiastic welcome was given in shouts by the multitude; and as she took her place, the national anthem was pealed forth from the gigantic organ in the north transept, accompanied by a chorus, several hundreds strong, of singers from the royal and cathedral choirs, the pupils of the Royal Academy, and the band of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

When the anthem was sung, Prince Albert approached at the head of the Royal Commissioners, which he had joined for the purpose, and read a report of the proceedings of the commission. These are the most important passages—

Your majesty having been graciously pleased to grant a site in this your royal park for the purposes of the Exhibition, the first column of the structure now honored by your majesty's presence was fixed on the 26th of September last. Within the short period, therefore, of seven months, owing to the energy of the contractors and the active industry of the workmen employed by them, a building has been erected, entirely novel in its construction, covering a space of more than eighteen acres, measuring 1851 feet in length and 456 feet in extreme breadth, capable of containing 40,000 visitors, and affording a frontage for the exhibition of goods to the extent of more than ten miles. For the original suggestion of the principle of this structure, the commissioners are indebted to Mr. Joseph Paxton; to whom they feel their acknowledgments to be justly due for this interesting feature of their undertaking.

The number of exhibitors whose productions it has been found possible to accommodate is about fifteen thousand; of whom nearly one half are British. The remainder represent the productions of more than forty foreign countries, comprising almost the whole of the civilized nations of the globe. In arranging the space to be allotted to each, we have taken into consideration both the nature of its productions and the facilities of access to this country afforded by its geographical position. Your majesty will find the productions of your majesty's dominions arranged in the Western portion of the building, and those of foreign countries in the Eastern. The exhibition is divided into the four great classes of—1. Raw Materials; 2. Machinery; 3. Manufactures; 4. Sculpture and the Fine Arts. A further division has been made according to the geographical position of the countries represented; those which lie within the warmer latitudes being placed near the centre of the building, and the colder countries at the extremities.

It affords us much gratification, that, notwithstanding the magnitude of this undertaking, and the great distances from which many of the articles now exhibited have had to be collected, the day on which your majesty has been graciously pleased to be present at the inauguration of the Exhibition, is the same day that was originally named for its opening; thus affording a proof of what may, under God's blessing, be accomplished by good-will and cordial coöperation amongst nations, aided by the means that modern science has placed at our command.

The queen read the following reply—

I receive with the greatest satisfaction the address which you have presented to me on the opening of this Exhibition.

I have observed with a warm and increasing interest the progress of your proceedings in the execution of the duties intrusted to you by the royal commission; and it affords me sincere gratification to witness the successful result of your judicious and unremitting exertions in the splendid spectacle by which I am this day surrounded.

I cordially concur with you in the prayer, that, by God's blessing, this undertaking may conduce to the welfare of my people and to the common interests of the human race, by encouraging the arts of peace and industry, strengthening the bonds of union among the nations of the earth, and promoting a friendly and honorable rivalry in the useful exercise of those faculties which have been conferred by a beneficent Providence for the good and the happiness of mankind.

The Archbishop of Canterbury then approached the throne, and with great fervency of manner offered up the following prayer, invoking God's blessing on the undertaking.

Almighty and Everlasting God, who dost govern all things both in heaven and earth, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy, Accept, we beseech Thee, the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, and receive these our prayers which we offer up unto Thee this day on behalf of the kingdom and people of this land. We acknowledge, O Lord, that Thou hast multiplied on us blessings which Thou mightest most justly have withheld. We acknowledge that it is not because of works of righteousness which we have done, but of Thy great mercy, that we are permitted to come before Thee with the voice of thanksgiving, and that instead of humbling us for our offences Thou hast given us cause to thank Thee for Thine abundant goodness. And now, O Lord, we beseech Thee to bless the work which Thou hast enabled us to begin, and to regard with Thy favor our purpose of knitting together in the bonds of peace and concord the different nations of the earth; for with Thee, O Lord, is the preparation of the heart in man. Of Thee it cometh that violence is not heard in our land, wasting nor destruction within its borders. It is of Thee, O Lord, that nations do not lift up the sword against each other, nor learn war any more; it is of Thee that peace is within our walls and plenteousness within our palaces; it is of Thee that knowledge is increased throughout the world, for the spirit of man is from Thee, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding. Therefore, O Lord, not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name, be all the praise. While we survey the works of art and industry which surround us, let not our hearts be lifted up, that we forget the Lord our God, as if our own power and the might of our hands had gotten this wealth. Teach us ever to remember that all this store which we have prepared cometh of Thine hand, and is all Thine own. Both riches and honor come of Thee, and Thou reignest over all. In Thine hand it is to make great and to give strength unto all. Now, therefore, O God, we thank Thee; we praise Thee, and entreat Thee so to overrule this assembly of many nations that it may tend to the advancement of Thy glory, to the diffusion of Thy Holy Word, to the increase of general prosperity, by promoting peace and good-will among the different races of mankind. Let the many mercies which we receive from Thee dispose our hearts to serve Thee more faithfully, who art the Author and the Giver of them all. And, finally, O Lord, teach us so to use those earthly blessings which Thou givest us richly to enjoy, that they may not withdraw our affections from those heavenly things which Thou hast prepared for those that love and serve Thee, through the merits and mediation of Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord; to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory.

The organs and the choir joined in the performance of the Hallelujah chorus of Handel's *Messiah*. The vast area of the building left free scope for the volume of sound poured forth; and the assembled multitudes, their feelings already elevated by the grandeur of the spectacle before them, listened with becoming reverence to the triumphant music of the

great German composer. At the close of this part of the proceedings, Hering, the Chinese Mandarin, unable any longer to control his feelings, made his way through foreign diplomatists, ministers of state, and the distinguished circle with which court etiquette had surrounded the throne, and advancing close to the queen, saluted her by a grand salaam; her Majesty acknowledged the obeisance, and saluted the Mandarin in return; and at her request he was placed between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Comptroller of the Household.

The procession was headed by Mr. Paxton, Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Fox; then followed the Executive Committee of the Royal Commission, the Foreign Acting Commissioners, the Royal Commissioners themselves, and officers of the Queen's Household. Her Majesty led the Prince of Wales, and Prince Albert the Princess Royal; both parents and children looked extremely well. The queen bore herself with courteous but dignified restraint, as if feeling more excitement than she would display; Prince Albert appeared less composed; his emotion at the successful realization of his own idea was very visible.

The Indian and Colonial collections were left behind, the Fine Arts court passed, and the procession, cheered incessantly in its progress, moved into the area devoted to our many-featured manufacturing products. Glances were caught over the heads of the spectators on the right of the Furniture court, and the massive forms of the fixed machinery beyond it. On the left, the Colebrook Dale dome, the gigantic statues of Lords Eldon and Stowell, the well-known form of our great dramatist, and the many other objects which adorn the centre aisle, were left behind. Past the furs of bears and other wild animals suspended from many a girder, and carpets lending their brilliant colors to complete the decorations and clothe the narrow lines of the interior, the pageant swept on its way. It reached the western entrance, and saw itself, and the unequalled grandeur of the scene whereof it formed the leading feature, reflected in the immense mirror exhibited at this point. Then, wheeling round the model of the Liverpool Dock, it was returning on the South side of the nave, when the gigantic organ by Willis suddenly hurled forth its immense volume of sound. The effect was extremely fine; but there was so much to think of, so many points to observe, and the admiration of all had already been so largely taxed, that each new-telling characteristic of the progress scarcely produced its deserved impression. Wonder had already attained its maximum and could rise no further. Displays of textile fabrics, of hardware, of cutlery, and of furniture, vistas of courts and alleys filled with the richest materials—objects that at any other time would have been noticed with interest and regard—hardly claimed a moment's attention in that remarkable progress. At length the procession reached the transept; round the South end of which it proceeded, and then swept into the Foreign department of the Exhibition. Here immense efforts had been made to prepare for its suitable reception. France had collected the choicest specimens of her manufactures; and though only two days ago her division was in confusion and the possibility of her taking a suitable part in the opening pageant doubtful, one could not help admiring the tasteful manner in which her exhibitors had decorated the portion of their collection which was within sight. Other countries, more forward in their preparations, were of course able to make a more satisfactory appearance. The great attention which the industrial communities of Europe bestow on matters of artistic design and on ornamental manufactures enabled them to decorate their divisions of the nave in a manner

more effective than we, with our utilitarian tendencies, could hope to achieve. Amid a rare collection of various objects the procession moved forward, received everywhere with loud acclamations. The French organ, by Du Crequet, and that from Erfart, by Schulze, each in turn poured forth its music; and as the pageant rounded the eastern end of the building the bands of the Coldstream and Scots Fusilier Guards varied the programme by their spirit-stirring strains. The return along the north side of the nave renewed the enthusiasm of the foreigners and visitors assembled there. The cheering and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs went on continuously around the building; and at last, having completed a progress more triumphant in its peacefulness and spirit of good-will than the proudest warlike pageant that ever ascended the capitol of ancient Rome, the queen returned once more to the position in the transept where her throne was placed.

The Marquis of Breadalbane, Lord Chamberlain of the Household, stepped forward, and announced in a loud voice that the queen had declared "The Exhibition is open." A flourish of trumpets chorused this proclamation; and immediately afterwards the royal party retired by the way it came, and quitted the building for the Palace.

Then, (says another account,) away went the boundary-ropes; the multitude closed as upon Epsom Downs when the horses have passed; and for a couple of hours all was push, squeeze, cram, and chaos. All order was forgotten now; everybody struggled to see the Great Diamond, and the Throne, and the Crystal Fountain; and everybody determined to see them without reference to the wishes of anybody else. The transept became as curious a scene of good-humored but violent contention as one would desire to see and not to share. People jostled, shoved, elbowed, apologized, accepted the apology, and began jostling, shoving, and elbowing again. A great number rushed into the refreshment rooms, clamoring, not in vain, for ices and jellies; and a great number dropped away into the side-courts, of which the Austrian apartments were the favorites, and deserved to be so, if only for the polite attention of the planner thereof, who set a fairy fountain constantly playing *enau de Cologne*, and invited all the ladies to carry away its fragrant moisture on their handkerchiefs.

By four o'clock the multitude was so diminished by departures and by a scattering over the immense area, that the company seemed no longer even numerous.

THE ceremonial of opening the Exhibition was simple, but judiciously conceived, and eminently successful. The arrangements ultimately adopted for the admission of spectators insured a sufficient attendance for effect, without causing discomfort by overcrowding. The *tout ensemble* of the edifice was striking and beautiful. It was felt to be a compromise between open space and an enclosed building; combining the lightsome airiness of the former with the defined limitation of the latter, serving as a framework to the picture. The very trees, enclosed by necessity in the structure, added to its beauty, and imparted a feeling of freshness. The careful toilet of the women, and the sprinkling of court costume and uniforms among the other sex, lent to the scene a greater variety and richness of color than is usual in England on such occasions; which was heightened by the rich dyes of carpets and other textile fabrics displayed, and the glitter of arms, bijouterie, and metallic articles in general. "The great organ" was turned to account in the choral music. Handel's immortal "Halle-

lujah" had a grandeur of effect that could not be surpassed. The prayer offered up by the venerable primate was unaffected, catholic, and appropriate. To crown all, the queen entered into the business of the day with graceful heartiness. The obvious entireness of sympathy between the royal pair—the presence of their children—the alert and lively interest of the Duke of Wellington, who seemed to have renewed his youth on his own and his namesake Prince Arthur's birthday—raised enthusiasm to its height.

Outside, the scene was, in its kind, if possible still more striking. All London was in motion. Hyde Park and its accessions swarmed with human beings. The day was genial and bright, and advantage had been taken of every eminence that the undulation of the ground affords to command a view. Notwithstanding the great influx of foreigners, the physiognomy of the crowd was essentially English. The utmost good-humor prevailed; and what appeared most to impress strangers was the perfect order and security, with the utter absence of any apparent force to maintain it. With the exception of the few guards in attendance on the queen's carriage, such as would accompany her majesty on a state visit to the theatres, not a soldier was to be seen.

The streets continued to be thronged with glad-some loiterers throughout the day; the holiday was kept up till the last. It would be endless to enumerate the festivities which have preceded, followed, and are still to follow, this high solemnity of the English carnival of 1851.

THE EXPOSITION.—Much trumpeting of preparation, prolonged for a full year, had produced the usual effect, and not a few had begun to grow sick of "the Exposition," especially those who, doomed to stand out, as it were, in the open market-place, had perpetually to face that ever-blowing idle wind of wonderment. But if there have been annoyances of that sort, look upon the thing as it exists and you forget them all.

It is done; the work is accomplished; all has gone well. Not a cross, not a frown, on man's face or heaven's. How many an anxious breast must now be relieved of its load!—knowing what *could* be achieved, namely, the thing we see; but knowing also how human fallibility, or the treachery of circumstance, might mar that truly great enterprise, set before the world some abortion of the design, and turn the hope of good fame into humiliation under scorn. For the event often rebukes the too great confidence in better knowledge which discerns a possibility, by a shifting of results that makes short-sighted ignorance predicting failure *seem* to have proclaimed the truer wisdom. Prince Albert, who did a right princely thing in so clearly appreciating and so heartily adopting the enterprise, must have sustained a good weight of such care, not unshared by his crowned wife; and both cannot but rejoice that all is over so happily, with such full return of credit to the royal patron and director. As to any émeute or disturbance!—the very sight of the thirty thousand in that building, and the glad host around, all most manifestly *coöperating* in heart and soul with the undertaking, chased away even the thought of interruption.

The idea has attained a bodily consummation worthy of it. France has been celebrated for her Expositions d'Industrie, yearly growing in importance and interest; but all who have witnessed both those exhibitions and this one concur in de-

claring that the French original sinks to insignificance in comparison with this its larger imitation. Because this, the more liberal in its very purpose and nature, embraces the whole civilized world; and France needs not be ashamed to be outdone by the world.

As to ultimate results, it is all too soon to talk of them. The present multifarious reality stifles such speculations and conjectures. It expunges those which have been hazarded already. It had been said, for instance, that this Olympic game of Industry, this tournament of Commerce, would stimulate competition, invention, and practical skill; it may suggest many improvements, but less by mere emulation than by positive accretion to the aggregate knowledge of skilled art. It had been said that the industry of one nation would filch ideas from another, and Englishmen so labelled their country as to fear the consequence; but England is not so easily beggared in ideas. Besides, one nation cannot filch the genius, the "turn," the taste, nay the *likings* of another: France can no more steal our love of mechanical elaboration than we can steal her taste, or the artistic vitality of Italy. The Exposition must have swept away some old fallacies, of the "one Englishman to three Frenchmen" order. While it sets forth national distinctions more strongly than ever, by the comparison and contrast in juxtaposition, it also develops a certain generic similitude over all. Admirable as each nation may be in some specific traits, it is plain that no one is distinguished from its fellows by any inaccessible, towering, supernal altitude. We may be English, French, German, —but we are all human; and we learn best when we meet in a common school. Hence, probably, the best effect of this concurrence will be, not to re-distribute excellence by some emulative change of position in the race, but to give an ulterior impulse to the whole.

One well-known truth was strikingly illustrated by the show. Thousands upon thousands of workmen had been coöperating to this one display, in all countries and climes, in all social conditions, under all creeds and political governments; apart, laboring on objects as different as the materials, many of the most homely kind; each, however, was brought up to the high mark of his vocation, each had to make his work perfect; and the result is, when all come together, that each one workman, each one article of production, however rough or homely, falls into the general harmony and contributes to the one general effect of *beauty*.

The *arrangements* of the whole affair—from the great edifice to the particular stands—from the organization of the committees to the ordering of the refreshment-room—were admirable; comprehensive, consentaneous, handsomely fitted up in every part, perfect in working, visibly perfect in the whole result. The first aspect under that vaulted transept—the blue sky and sun above, the blue and crystal arch a lower sky, the trees and plants; the fountains, the glowing luxury of commercial treasures, the sculpture—formed a conspiracy of influences drawn from the elements of civilization, worthy of the Congress of the World, but never *thus* allied before; and the very fact that the impression produced is a commonplace in everybody's mouth, uttered scores of times daily, proves the force of the combined power thus created, in bringing together the minds and feelings of so many classes and so many races. The commonplace of the day is the voice of Man acknowledg-

ing the power of Civilization in its most visible and concrete aspect. We do not hold, indeed, that the gates of Janus are forever shut because the Exposition is opened—*although* Mr. Cobden was there introduced to the Duke of Wellington; but that races the most diverse were there made to feel a fellowship in labor, a common allegiance, a cosmopolitan friendship, is an assertion not stronger than the truth; and such a gathering must have noble fruits.

It must have noble successors. For that this can be the last Congress of the Peaceful Arts no one believes; neither that it is the only *sort* of congress which London will be content to witness. The Arts now appear as the handmaids of Commerce; and, in like manner, shall not Commerce, emulating them, claim to be the servant of the Arts in some future congress of their own?

EXETER HALL.

THE gayer doings of the Industrial Exhibition, and the supplementary festivals that have arisen out of it, will this year throw the customary "May meetings" somewhat into the shade. In numbers, however, these assemblages are likely to be even better attended than usual; for their provincial frequenters are not inaccessible to the secular attractions of the metropolis. Many a serious brother and sister will repair to Exeter Hall the more readily that the Glass Palace is not far distant. From the 9th of April to the 24th of June inclusive, no fewer than one hundred and twelve anniversaries of religious and benevolent institutions are solemnized in London, by meetings, dinners, bazars, and sermons. "Exeter Hall" is the term by which the public that is annually attracted to the metropolis by these anniversaries is conventionally known: in fact, only thirty-one of these meetings are held in the hall itself; but as the great meetings are for the most part held there, and as many of the most influential of the associations have offices in the building, the phrase is appropriate enough. Exeter Hall, projected in 1825 and opened in 1831, under the auspices of the late Sir Thomas Baring, Mr. Butterworth, and others, to supply the then insufficient accommodation for the various religious and charitable societies of the metropolis, has drawn closer the bonds of union among a not unimportant section of the English public, which had previously attained a considerable degree of organization. The May meetings of the religious public date from as far back as the reign of Charles the Second: they were begun, we believe, by the Society of Friends; and the members of the Three Denominations were the next to follow the example. Their influence was first extended to social and political questions by the institution of the Anti-Slavery Society, between 1760 and 1770; and a more catholic character has been imparted to them since the commencement of the present century, when the Bible Society extended the habit of coöperation between Churchmen of the Evangelical party and Dissenters, which the Anti-Slavery struggle had originated. Since that time, the influence of "Exeter Hall" has been extensively felt, owing to the ramifications, permanent organization, and large funds of the more prominent missionary and philanthropic societies, the intimate union among them produced by the same persons holding office in several, and their affiliated branches spread over the country. Their power has been felt both for good and for

evil. Their somewhat presumptuous interference with questions they imperfectly understood, (Colonization, Convict Discipline, &c.) and their sectarian spirit, have at times been troublesome and even mischievous; but it would be unjust not to recognize the high general respectability and benevolence of purpose that characterize the "religious public." "Exeter Hall" is the visible embodiment in our day of English Puritanism; and English Puritanism, if not always amiable, has much about it that commands respect. This peculiar phasis of English life merits the attention of intelligent foreigners; and even for ourselves a peculiar interest attaches to "Exeter Hall," at a moment when the National Church seems threatened with disruption. "Exeter Hall" is a curious illustration of the extent to which men holding many incompatible views in religion can coöperate effectively by a judicious mixture of combined effort and separate organization.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

A LONG ANNUITY.—The Treasury of Hanover has just been relieved of a claimant who was, it may be assumed, one of the oldest names on the pension lists of Europe. A lady named Von Leuthe, the widow of a subaltern civil official, celebrated last year the 75th anniversary of the date of her state allowance. It was given under the following circumstances:—In the year 1771, when the unfortunate Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark obtained by the intervention of her brother, George III., an asylum at Cetté, in Hanover, she wished to adopt a child to supply the void left in her heart by the detention of her own children from her. An orphan girl, known as "little Sophie," was selected, and remained with the queen till the death of her majesty in 1775. In her last hours she recommended the persons surrounding her to the care of her relatives for provision by pensions for their lives, and the wish was complied with through the exertions of her chaplain, Pastor Lehzen. Among them was "little Sophie," who received a pension of 400 thalers, and drew it regularly for seventy-five years. She has just died, more than 80 years of age. —*Preussische Zeitung.*

INTERESTING AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.—On Tuesday and Wednesday, a collection of very interesting autograph letters was brought to the hammer by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, of Piccadilly. The collection seemed to have been formed without much attention to completeness in any department, but included some estimable specimens, as the following brief notice will show:—Lot 58, a letter of Robert Burns to Mrs. McClellan, signed "Sylvander," sold for 3*l.* 10*s.* Lot 59, a letter of Lord Byron, written three days after the death of his natural daughter, Allegra, and with reference to that event, sold for 3*l.* Some short letters of Charles I. and II., but good specimens of their autographs, averaged about 2*l.* 5*s.* each. Lot 80, the publication of peace, commonly called the Treaty of Breda, signed by the representatives of the British nation and the States-General, sold for 5*l.* 10*s.* Lot 111, an autograph of Archbishop Cranmer, sold for 3*l.* 10*s.* Lot 112, a signature of Oliver Cromwell, sold for 2*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* Lot 119, a wardrobe warrant, signed by Edward VI., but not a very desirable specimen, sold for 6*l.* 10*s.* Lot 125, a letter of Queen

Elizabeth, from which it would appear that she had invited Henry IV. of France, to pay her a visit, was not dear at 5*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* Lot 188, a letter of the famous warrior Alexander Farnese, sold for 3*l.* 1*s.* Lot 202, a letter of Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon, cousin-german to Queen Elizabeth, sold for 2*l.* 5*s.*; and a short letter of James II., (lot 210,) for the same sum. Lot 238, Physiognomical Rules, with pen sketches by the celebrated Lavater, sold for 9*l.* 10*s.* Lot 288, signature of "bloody" Mary, although damaged, produced 4*l.* 8*s.* Lot 285, a letter of Mary Queen of Scots, sold for 4*l.* 14*s.* Lot 329, a fragment of a letter of Nelson, but containing some characteristic passages, sold for 2*l.* 12*s.* Lot 340, an official letter, signed by Queen Catherine Parr, an autograph of great rarity, sold for 10*l.* 10*s.* Lot 375, a diplomatic letter of Rubens, the painter, sold for 5*l.* Lot 390, a capital letter of Percy Bysshe Shelley, sold for 2*l.* 6*s.* Lot 409, a letter of the great Turenne, sold for 1*l.* 19*s.* Lot 423, a letter of the Duke of Wellington, in which he says, "The fact is, that no individual can do all that is required of the Duke of Wellington," produced 7*s.* Several autographs of William III. ranged from 1*l.* to 14*s.* each. Lot 446, a bill of household expenses, signed by Cardinal Wolsey, and also bearing other rare signatures, sold for 6*l.* 12*s.* At the conclusion of the sale, the auctioneer made an announcement that will be received with interest by autograph collectors, namely, that in a few weeks will be offered for sale the important collection of Mons. Alcide Donnadieu. This collection is well known both here and on the continent. In addition to autographs of the highest rarity in every class, it contains the late Mr. Upcott's entire collection of English royal autographs.

"LE PILOTE DE LONDRES."—Under this title a very well edited and extremely useful newspaper for foreigners has just made its appearance, the first number having been published last Saturday. It is in French, and addresses itself chiefly to the wants of our foreign visitors, who will find it an excellent guide to whatever they wish to discover of useful or amusing in London, while it furnishes a truthful record of the course of events and the condition of public opinion in France. It is, indeed, in its general character, a counterpart of that admirable Paris newspaper, "Galignani's Messenger;" and besides the essential events which it records, it contains a very clever and piquant feuilleton.

An invention has been patented for constructing casks, barrels, puncheons, and everything in the cooperage line, in a space of time which literally baffles belief. One of the machines is at present in operation at the St. Rollox works. We have inspected it, and were certainly astonished to find the staves of an ordinary-sized cask prepared, put together, and headed, in little more than ten minutes. The thing was perfect—the cutting and jointing were done with mathematical precision, and all the hands had really to do was, to arrange the staves and fix the heads; all the rest was accomplished by machinery, and with so little trouble that the article was finished before one could fancy that a hoop was on. The mechanism, like that of almost all important inventions, is exceedingly simple; the only wonder is, when it is examined, how so clear and easy a mode of doing a great deal of work with a very small amount of labor has not been hit upon before now.—*Glasgow Daily Mail.*

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